NOVEMBER 12, 1956
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$7.50 A YEAR

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



MAENTZ AND KRAMER
MICHIGAN'S GREAT ENDS FACE ILLINOIS

FOOTBALL: SEVENTH WEEK



100% Acrilan jersey gives Jayson sport shirts new high-bred luxury that will wash & wear

These are shirts strong men like. They're rich and yielding to the touch. But soft as they are, they have strength and stamina so you can be rough with them. They go into the washing machine time after time at the warm-water setting and come out with all their luxury intact. They won't shrink; drip-dry fast, need little if any ironing.

How come all this excellence? Thank Acrilan acrylic fiber! It makes fabrics perfect for men's shirts.

These two were tailored by Jayson along Continental lines that let the fabric speak for itself. The two-tone shirt of Allen jersey has a turnback cuff that makes it special. The striped shirt features the new button-down collar. You'll find them at stores that know what men want.

sport shirts by Jayson®

LOOK FOR THIS MAN-MADE ACRILANIMAL, SYMBOL OF ACRILAN



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Memo to advertisers

NEW PRODUCTS .... NEW IDEAS ....

The core of American economic progress is new products and new ideas.

In every issue you will find many examples of advertisers selling new ideas to our audience of "product leaders," as one of our agency friends once called them. For example, last week, both Plymouth and Ford introduced their 1957 models in SI.

This week, another division of the Ford Motor Co. appears in our center spread. As you know our first results story was a brand new car called the "Thunderbird." Since then Ford management has put us to work for Ford ... then Lincoln ... then Continental. And now, Mercury joins us for the first time to introduce its 1957 line.

This typical instance of the use of our magazine to reach the consumer families who respond to new products and new ideas is one reason why SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's advertising gains for this year will probably be greater than any other magazine's.*

And although it's too early to say much about 1957, we can already report that from the way the orders are coming in, our momentum will increase even more.

For one of the really distinctive features about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is that from the haystack of the vast U.S. market it has assembled some 650,000 "needles" -- in the form of a high-velocity, high-income group of American families. This weekly assemblage (of, say 2½ or 3 million people) is the vanguard of American buying -- the people who respond most quickly to new products and new ideas.

Bill Holman

William W. Holman
Advertising Director

*To be specific, orders on the books by October had already increased our volume 56% over last year. (Regional editions are ahead 170%; full run national, 44%).

(over)

SI's advertising gains for 1957 cover the full gamut of PIB Classifications. For example:

Apparel (our top classification)	up 70%
Beer, Wine and Liquor	up 92%
Sporting Goods	up 41%
Tires and Tubes	up 43%
Consumer Services	up 400%
Drugs & Toiletries	up 70%
Travel	up 80%
Jewelry, Optical Goods and Cameras	up 45%
Confectionery and Soft Drinks	up 200%

(continued on back flap)

Just for fun!

give **MacGregor**

SPORTS EQUIPMENT



Helmet and Football autographed by Notre Dame's famous All-American, Ralph Guglielmi. Helmet costs less than $4—available in five appealing color combinations. Football is a terrific value at less than $3.50. Official size and weight.



A gift combination for fun and health. MacGregor Tennis Rackets—from $4.95 to $19.45—are custom-fashioned by America's finest tennis craftsmen. MacGregor Tennis Balls made with new Nylon-Dacron-Wool nap for action and long life.



Choose from 24 styles of MacGregor fielders' gloves—autographed by Robin Roberts, Jack Jensen, Willie Mays, Gil McDougald and many other professional stars. Less than $3.00 for Junior models to $24.95 for Professional models.



A golfer's delight in a memorable Christmas gift pack. 1957 MacGregor Hilander Golf Balls in a Memo Caddie with supply of printed memo paper. One dozen Hilanders . . . $14.75. ½ dozen Hilanders . . . $7.50. No cost for Memo Caddie.



Something extra special to help any golfer. Lew Worsham Wedge or any one of *many other MacGregor* utility irons. New "Smoothy" putter with convex face gives ball immediate overspin, keeps it on line. Both clubs are $13.95 each.



What a gift for a budding big league first baseman—Ted Kluszewski model *"Trapper" mitt! Every detail* duplicates Ted's Professional model. Selected mitt leather, fully oiled. Leather lined palm. Sturdy construction. Only $6.95.



A gift that will score! It's the MacGregor Basketball and Goal Sport Set . . . only $6.95. *Basketball is Plylon* rubber covered, built to take rugged play. Goal is official size, 18" diameter with 30-thread net. Other sets available at $8.45 and $9.95.



Play these all-new "Par-Master" clubs and be the "Master" of your game. *Autographed by Masters* and PGA champion Jack Burke. 8 irons, $110. 3 woods, $60. Bob Toski, Jimmy Demaret, Beverly Hanson models also available.

Give—or ask for—a gift of lasting Fun. See your MacGregor dealer for the best in sports equipment —"*The Choice of Those Who Play the Game.*"

AUTHORIZED DISTRIBUTOR MacGregor SPORTS EQUIPMENT

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"Is it true, sir, that you invented vodka?"



Hiram Walker *invent* it? *No*, sir. *Improve* it? Yes, yes, a thousand times yes, sir. And here's precisely how: we distill our vodka clearer than the glass that holds it—from pure American grain. An improvement? Gospodin, you should try it!

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ILLUSTRATED



Bert Rechichar, Tennessee, Baltimore Colts, field goal specialist, wears "Tweed Tone" pullover by Jantzen, specialist in fine sweaters. Pullover is washable, durably mothproofed with Mitin® . . . 11.95. At leading stores.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

AS THIS ISSUE appears, the seven members of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Olympic team are converging on Melbourne, where the Games begin on Nov. 22. Herewith, an exclusive Scouting Report.



ANDRE LAGUERRE. Assistant Managing Editor and Team Captain. Veteran Olympics reporter. Did outstanding job at Cortina last winter. Covered 1948 and 1952 Games for TIME while overseas bureau chief. Favorite sports: baseball and horse racing.



ROGER BANNISTER. Physician, author, SI's first Sportsman of the Year and newest Special Contributor. Ran first four-minute mile. Student of art and science of running. Look for intelligence, perception and humor in description of middle-distance events.



RICHARD MEEK. Staff Photographer since early experimental days. Will carry 300 pounds of equipment, eight cameras. Ran 440 in Richmond (Ind.) High School and can still cover ground fast at football games, track meets and horse races.



COLES PHINIZY. Team's first member to visit Australia on pre-Games scouting trip in 1955. Flies over next week after closing of Olympic Preview issue, which owes much to his long-term planning. Likes balloons, gliders, caves, aqualungs. Once swam for Harvard.



MARY SNOW. Bets on gray race horses and struggles to break 100 in golf. Expert on women's sports since prepublication days. Reported speed and figure skating from Cortina. Only accredited woman reporter from U.S. magazine at Melbourne.



ROY TERRELL. Native Texan. Newspaper sports editor before joining SI. Knows all sports. Among track and field stories this year: Santee, Sime, Drake Relays and Olympic trials. All-round athlete in high school. Played basketball at college.

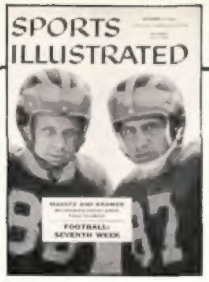


JOHN ZIMMERMAN. As news photographer got first picture of Truman assassination attempt. Photographed Gold Cup hydros while hanging on at 140 mph (SI, Aug. 27). Played tackle, put shot. Likes camera challenge of sport for many approaches story gives.

Next week in the Olympic Preview issue, with 124 pages the largest issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED so far this year, you will be seeing the first of their reports.

Harry Phillips

NOVEMBER 12, 1956
Volume 5, Number 20



COVER: TOM MAENTZ AND RON KRAMER
Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Michigan's big ends are even more formidable than they look. Captain Tom Maentz was the leading pass receiver and punter on his team last year. Left End Ron Kramer has already won two letters each in football, basketball and track. As Illinois will find out this Saturday (*see page 50*), no college team boasts a better pair.

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In words and a COLOR *portrait a tribute to Loula Long Combs, queen of the horse shows. By* HELEN MARKEL

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NEXT WEEK: A SPECIAL ISSUE:

ALL ABOUT THE OLYMPICS

THE BIGGEST, MOST COMPREHENSIVE ISSUE YET

WATCH FOR THIS COVER ▶



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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

Which do you like better
football or baseball?
(Asked of women)

MRS. PETER LAWFORD

Santa Monica, Calif.



Football. Because I know more about the game. My brothers Joe, Teddy, Robert and Senator John Kennedy all played some football at Harvard, good reason why Harvard didn't win many games. But watching them play and discussing their performances made me a football fan.

MRS. DAN TOPPING

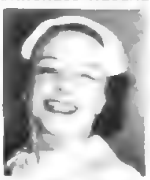
Southampton, N.Y.



Baseball. My husband is co-owner of the N.Y. Yankees. Since I live baseball, you'd think I'd get fed up with the game. But I never do. When interest lets down a bit, a crucial game rolls along that makes the pennant or the World Series. And I love baseball at its best.

BARONESS HELENE DE GRANDCOURT

Palm Beach and Paris



Football. The college football season is the most wonderful time of the year. The spirit of pep rallies and pep shows Americans at their best. There is no sport spectacle that has the tradition, color and appeal of a Harvard-Yale, Army-Notre Dame, Yale-Princeton or Rose Bowl game.

MRS. MAHLON EDMONSON

Oyster Bay, N.Y.



Baseball. I've grown up and lost the rah-rah spirit. Baseball, with all its rhubarbs, is much more interesting. Tuesday after Don Newcombe punched a man in the stomach during the Series, the fans began yelling "Look out, Newk; that guy and his friends are waiting for you in the parking lot."

FRAN CARLON

Greenwich and New York



Baseball. It's easier on me to understand. And I don't have to wear any woollies at a game. Furthermore, being a mother, football worries me. I know about the permanent injuries that players get. I'm not bringing up my boy to be a slaphappy football player minus his front teeth.

MRS. GRANT M. MacNEUR

San Francisco



Football. I learned the game from my pop. He played pro football, first with Red Grange and later with the Chicago Bears. Every minute of football is exciting, while most of a baseball game is boring. The only thing I know about baseball is that the Yankees always win the pennant.

Continued on next page

Promise her anything but—
Give her Arpège!
LANVIN
Perfume — Purse Size $3. ½ ounce $12.50, 1 ounce $23.50, plus tax

A&F

Keep your putter working all winter



These specially designed devices make putting practice a pastime that pays off in saved strokes in the spring.

ELECTRIC PUTT RETURN. If you like to putt, but dislike the bending exercises that go with it, here's your ideal device. Plug it in and putt. Golf ball returns automatically when holed. Returns putts up to 12 ft. . . . $9.95

BEN HOGAN GOLF GREEN. Color, nap and appearance closely simulates actual green. 9 ft. long . . . $7.95

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
IN NEW YORK: 360 MADISON AVENUE
IN CHICAGO: 70 NO. WABASH AVENUE

THE MONACO, distinctive new blucher moccasin in dramatic comb nation of rugged chrome and supple calf



From knowing hands

distinction
—to please a man who prefers the outstanding . . . a beautiful melding of fine leather and the cobbler's skill.

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Made in the U.S.A.
master crafted by
J. P. SMITH SHOE CO., Chicago 22
Crafting America's footwear for discriminating stores and clientele has been our sole occupation for over 60 years

continued from page 7

DENISE DARCEL



Paris, France

Football Texas pa[illegible]ers with the big boobier [illegible]da! The crowds are gay and the women are beautiful. In Paris, the American Army Engineers asked me to be their mascot. 'The touchdowns can't be made, but the backfield is nice,' I said. So they made me their football mascot.

NAN GARCIA



Beverly Hills, N.M.

Football. You don't have to know a lo[illegible] about it to enjoy it. On [illegible] you can't [illegible] do maim each other over a little football. [illegible], Arizona, can't be [illegible] Hollywood by the Los Angeles Rams, 24 to 13!

ELSIE MARSHALL



London, England

Baseball bores me stiff, and the only thing I like about your football is the [illegible], [illegible] than either. You sit in your easy chair with plenty around [illegible], have your cup of tea and close your eyes in slumber. An hour later, when you wake [illegible] it's still raging.

MAJA DORÉE



Berlin, Germany

I first saw football and basketball in Germany. I like football much more. Your service teams have a league [illegible] too bad it can't [illegible] Europe. There is as much excitement and pageantry as there is in the Army-Navy game. To me, baseball is full of inaction and dull by comparison.

MRS. DONALD L. BAIRD



Philadelphia

Baseball. I'd much rather see a World Series game than a college or professional football game. I understand the spectacular plays in baseball, while most of football is Greek to me. If Penn ever gets another good team, football may become more interesting, because I do like the college crowd.

NANCY EBERLE



West Palm Beach

Football. I graduated from the University of North Carolina. My school days were wonderful, and football was a big part of social life. I love the game even though I know very little about the rules. Baseball? There's too much soda pop and hot dogs and too little excitement.

COUNTESS ELSA FILIPPONI



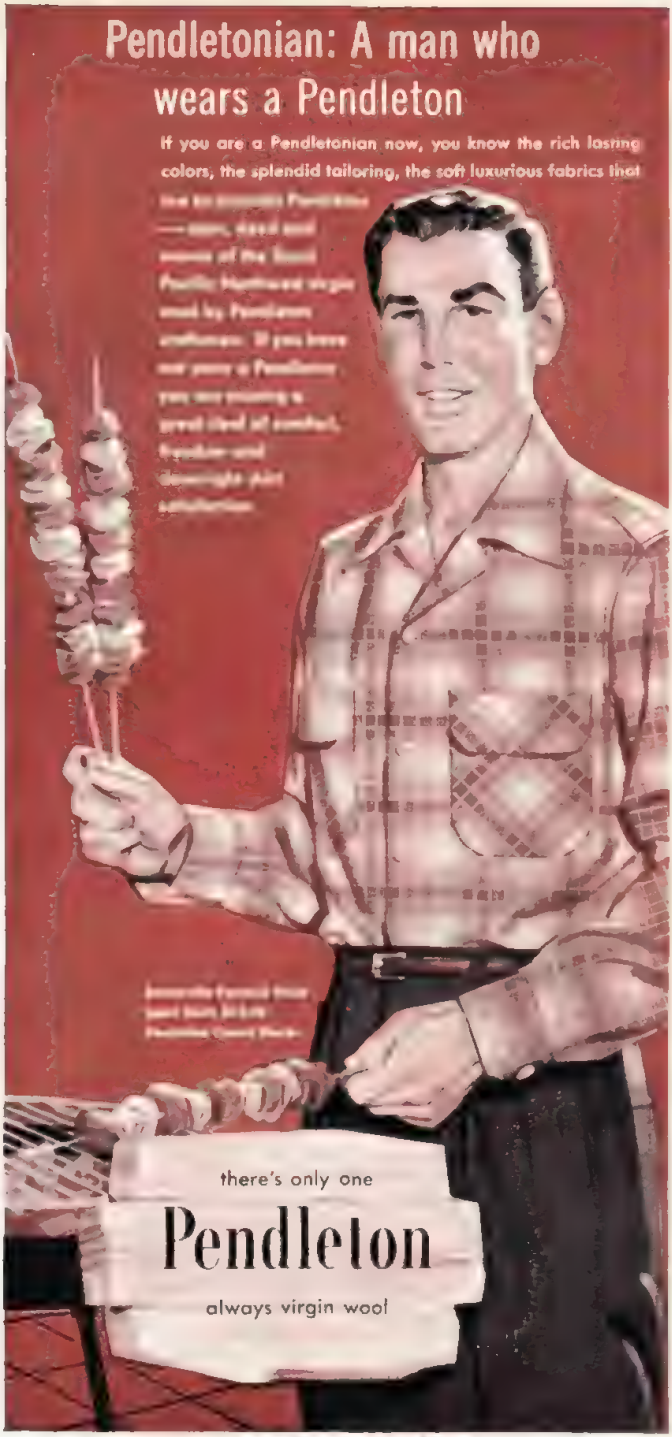
Southampton and New York

Football. It has everything—color, happy crowds, enthusiasm, excitement and the best in sportsmanship. In baseball, Larsen's perfect game was exciting to baseball fans, but it was dull for me. No action. Just a man throwing the ball to the catcher and the other players watching.

NEXT WEEK:

Should team scores be kept in the Olympics?

(Asked of big shots)



The Gift most wanted by Sportsmen

THE LACOSTE SHIRT
by IZOD

This famous shirt now in fine, hand washable worsted jersey. Combines maximum protection with freedom of movement

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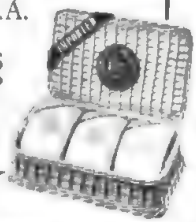
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COMING EVENTS

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Basketball
Philadelphia vs. Rochester, Philadelphia.

Boxing
● Gabriel (Flash) Elorde vs. Miguel Berrios, featherweights (10 rds.), Madison Square Garden, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC).

Track & Field
Heptagonal Games Assoc. Cross Country championships, Van Cortlandt Park, N.Y.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10

Basketball
Boston vs. Minneapolis, Boston.
Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia.
Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester.
St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne, St. Louis.

Boxing
Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Bob Provizzi, middleweights (10 rds.), New Haven, Conn.

Football
(Leading college games)

EAST
Army vs. William & Mary, West Point, N.Y.
Bowdoin vs. Maine, Brunswick, Me.
Brown vs. Cornell, Providence.
Colgate vs. Bucknell, Hamilton, N.Y.
Dartmouth vs. Columbia, Hanover, N.H.
Maryland vs. Clemson, College Park, Md.
Penn State vs. Boston U., University Park, Pa.
● Pitt vs. Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, 1:45 p.m. (Mutual).
● Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton, N.J., 1:30 p.m. (CBS*)
Syracuse vs. Holy Cross, Syracuse, N.Y.
Villanova vs. Citadel, Villanova, Pa.
West Virginia vs. VMI, Morgantown, W. Va.
Yale vs. Pennsylvania, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
Arkansas vs. Rice, Fayetteville, Ark.
Auburn vs. Mississippi State, Auburn, Ala.
Baylor vs. Texas, Waco, Texas.
Duke vs. Navy, Durham, N.C.
Florida vs. Georgia, Jacksonville.
Georgia Tech vs. Tennessee, Atlanta.
Kentucky vs. Vanderbilt, Lexington, Ky.
Louisiana State vs. Oklahoma A&M, Dallas.
N.C. State vs. South Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
SMU vs. Texas A&M, Dallas.
Texas Tech vs. TCU, Lubbock, Texas.
● Tulane vs. Alabama, New Orleans, 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS).
Virginia vs. North Carolina, Charlottesville, Va.
Virginia Tech vs. Wake Forest, Blacksburg, Va.

WEST
Iowa State vs. Oklahoma, Ames, Iowa
Kansas vs. Nebraska, Lawrence, Kan.
Marquette vs. Kansas State, Milwaukee.
Michigan vs. Illinois, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Michigan State vs. Purdue, East Lansing, Mich.
● Minnesota vs. Iowa, Minneapolis (CBS-radio*, ● 1:30 p.m. C.S.T.; NBC-TV, 1:15 p.m. C.S.T.).
Missouri vs. Colorado, Columbia, Mo.
Ohio State vs. Indiana, Columbus, Ohio.
Wisconsin vs. Northwestern, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST
Denver vs. Brigham Young, Denver.
Idaho vs. Utah State, Boise, Idaho.
Montana vs. Wyoming, Billings, Mont.
Oregon vs. Washington State, Eugene, Ore.

continued on page 12



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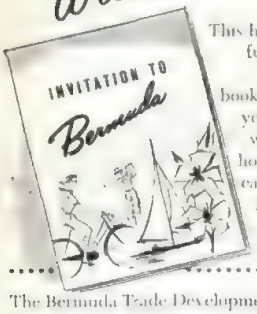
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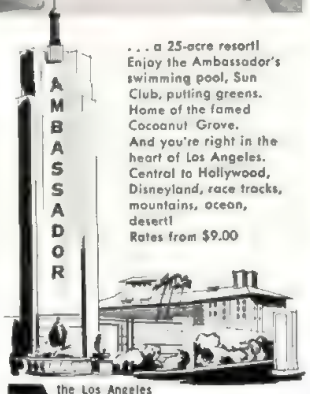
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COMING EVENTS

continued from page 10

Stanford vs. Oregon State, Stanford, Calif.
USC vs. California, Los Angeles.
Washington vs. UCLA, Seattle.

Harness Racing
American Pacing Classic (second leg), $75,000, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.
American Trotting Classic (third leg), $75,000, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey
Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
New York vs. Detroit, New York.
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.

Horse Racing
Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, $25,000, 2-yr.-olds, 1 m., Churchill Downs, Louisville.
Roamer Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 3 16 m., Jamaica, N.Y., 4 p.m. (CBS-TV).
The Selima, $30,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, 1 1 16 m., Laurel, Md.

Hunt Racing
Montpelier Hunt Races, Montpelier Station, Va.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Auto Racing
NASCAR 100-mile National Convertible Circuit race, Jacksonville, N.C.
SCAA Hare and Hounds Rally, Pittsburgh.

Basketball
Fort Wayne vs. St. Louis, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Rochester vs. Minneapolis; New York vs. Philadelphia, New York.

Football
Professional (CBS*)
Chicago Bears vs. Green Bay, Chicago.
Cleveland vs. Baltimore, Cleveland.
Los Angeles vs. San Francisco, Los Angeles.
New York vs. Chicago Cardinals, New York.
Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia.
Washington vs. Detroit, Washington (Mutual-radio, 2 p.m.).

Hockey
Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.
Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Boxing
Johnny Sullivan vs. Randy Sandy, middleweights (10 rds.), St. Nick's, N.Y., 10 p.m. (DuMont-TV, Mutual-radio).
Larry Boardman vs. Paddy DeMarco, lightweights (10 rds.), Philadelphia.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13

Basketball
St. Louis vs. Rochester, St. Louis.

Boxing
Kid Gavilan vs. Chico Vejar, welterweights (10 rds.), Los Angeles.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14

Basketball
Boston vs. Minneapolis; Rochester vs. New York, Rochester.

Boxing
Frankie Ryff vs. Kenny Lane, lightweights (10 rds.), Miami, 10 p.m. (ABC).

Hockey
New York vs. Montreal, New York.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15

Basketball
Syracuse vs. Minneapolis, Syracuse, N.Y.
Fort Wayne vs. Boston, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Hershey, Pa.

Boxing
Joey Giardello vs. Charley Cotton, middleweights (10 rds.), Milwaukee.

Hockey
Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.
Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.

continued on page 15



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COMING EVENTS

Horse Racing
Display Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 2 1/16 m., Jamaica, N.Y.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16

Basketball
Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Philadelphia.

Boxing
Bob Baker vs. Harold Carter, heavyweights (10 rds.), Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football
Miami vs. Clemson, Miami.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Basketball
Boston vs. Rochester, Boston.
St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne, St. Louis.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Camden, N.J.

Football
(Leading college games)

EAST
Boston vs. Boston U., Boston.
Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Ithaca, N.Y.
George Washington vs. The Citadel, Charleston, S.C.
Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, Mass.
Navy vs. Virginia, Baltimore.
Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Philadelphia.
Penn State vs. North Carolina, University Park, Pa.
Pittsburgh vs. Army, Pittsburgh, 1:20 p.m. (ABC).
Rhode Island vs. Connecticut, Kingston, R.I.
Syracuse vs. Colgate, Syracuse, 1:30 p.m. (CBS).
Wesleyan vs. Trinity, Middletown, Conn.
Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven, Conn., 1:15 p.m. (NBC-TV*).

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
Arkansas vs. Southern Methodist, Little Rock, Ark.
Georgia Tech vs. Alabama, Atlanta.
Nebraska vs. Baylor, Lincoln, Neb.
Notre Dame vs. North Carolina, South Bend, Ind.
Tennessee vs. Mississippi, Knoxville, Tenn.
Texas A&M vs. Rice, College Station, Texas.
Texas Christian vs. Texas, Fort Worth, Texas.
Vanderbilt vs. Tulane, Nashville.
Wake Forest vs. Duke, Winston-Salem, N.C., 1:30 p.m. (CBS).

WEST
Illinois vs. Wisconsin, Champaign, Ill.
Iowa vs. Ohio State, Iowa City, 1:30 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS).
Michigan vs. Indiana, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Minnesota vs. Michigan State, Minneapolis.
Oklahoma vs. Missouri, Norman, Okla.

FAR WEST
Air Force vs. Idaho State, Pueblo, New Mex.
Arizona vs. Arizona State, Tucson, Ariz.
California vs. Washington State, Berkeley, Calif.
Idaho vs. Oregon State, Moscow, Idaho.
Oregon vs. Southern California, Portland, Ore.
Stanford vs. Washington, Stanford, Calif., 1:45 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC-TV).

Harness Racing
American Pacing Classic (third leg), $75,000, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey
Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.
New York vs. Boston, New York.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18

Football
Professional (CBS*)
Washington vs. New York, Washington, D.C., 2 p.m.
Chicago vs. Los Angeles, Chicago, 1 p.m.
Green Bay vs. San Francisco, Green Bay, Wis., 1 p.m.
Detroit vs. Baltimore, Detroit, 1:30 p.m.

*See local listing.



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
NOVEMBER 12, 1956

DOWN GOES



MR. BRODIE

A ferocious UCLA line pinned star Quarterback John Brodie to the ground for most of the day while the wild home-town rooters cheered their happy revenge against Stanford's simon-pures

by JAMES MURRAY



WHEN THE final gun sounded, leaving his Bruins clear winners 14-13, UCLA Coach Red Sanders decided only Shakespeare could do justice to the occasion. "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," he rhapsodized. "What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!"

The plain facts were, though, that what beat Stanford in the Los Angeles Coliseum last Saturday was not the pure in heart but a front-line rush as resolute and unstoppable as that at a dinner hour in a boarding house. The target was John Brodie, Stanford quarterback and the best passer in the country, who had already thrown for 10 touchdowns and 969 yards in six games when he took the field against the Bruins. He completed a bare nine out of 20 against UCLA and threw for one touchdown on a circus reception. And the statistics did not reflect the dozen times he was smeared trying to get a pass away, showing up merely as a minus-66 yards rushing in 10 tries.

Coach Sanders, who had gotten out of a sickbed to take personal and energetic charge of the Stanford game preparations, often until long after the practice field lights had to be turned on, listened politely as his scouts and advisors wrangled long and loud over whether Brodie or his receivers were more important to Stanford's pass offense. But Sanders' solution was simple: receivers cannot catch what isn't thrown. When Brodie danced back to look for receivers, the Bruin line —from end to end, shrieking "Omaha!" the code name for pass—swarmed on him. Grinned Brodie: "I couldn't find my receivers. I know they were probably there some place. But all I saw was blue. A nice, pale UCLA blue."

The game was decided midway in the first quarter by the nice pale blue of a crashing punt blocker. Brodie, smeared on two plays trying to get a pass off, dropped back to punt. Dazed, he was too close to scrimmage. UCLA Right End Hal Smith, who usually started his rush from the linebacker spot before the ball was snapped, crashed into the ball as it left Brodie's foot. The ball squirted up into the air. Brodie spun, looking up like a catcher for a foul tip. He waited with outstretched arms, but while he was still looking up, Bruin End Pete O'Garro leaped like a basketballer, cradled the ball and took off for the end zone, his pipestem legs churning like a scared stork's. Brodie could only stand there, mouth open, and watch the decisive touchdown being scored on the 40-yard gallop. It made the score 14-0, and Stanford never caught up. Brodie was even lucky: in later series of downs as many as three panicky passes in a row hit UCLA interceptors only to have them drop the ball.

Before the game, Sanders, who deals in superlatives, had one for his 1956 team. "It's the slowest team in America," he drawled. It was true. The UCLA line time and again gouged holes in the Stanford line. But the backs just couldn't make it in time. Stanford, on the other hand, flapped like a pinned butterfly in its offense. Only for a brief sputter at the start of the second half did Brodie look like a bonus-choice quarterback when he took the kickoff and marched 70 yards in six plays, the last 30 a touchdown pass to Halfback Mickey Raftery, to come within one point of tying the score. UCLA's

continued on next page

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL BATH

DOWN GOES MR. BRODIE

continued from page 17

230-pound quarterback Don Shinnick, easily the outstanding player on the field, shot through the line to block the try for point.

It was the first conference defeat for Brodie and a team which had dusted off its other PCC opponents with the deftness of a river-boat gambler playing with his own deck.

The upset did not unnerve Quarterback Brodie greatly. A young man who looks perpetually as though he had just heard something funny and would burst out laughing if it weren't impolite, John Riley Brodie, son of Aloysius and Maggie Brodie, is an anomaly in big-time football. He and Leland Stanford University were made for each other. Neither gets too excited about a football game. Brodie is probably the only star quarterback in big-time college football who pays to go to college. He had applied for a scholarship but, since he is the son of a well-paid Kaiser Industries Insurance official and the nephew by marriage of Herbert O. Kalmus, the head of Technicolor, Stanford takes the attitude that he doesn't need it. And, Stanford being Stanford, the money goes to a more needy athlete.

THE ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

Clemson	Oklahoma
Georgia Tech	Syracuse
Miami	Tennessee
Michigan State	Texas A&M
Minnesota	Texas Christian
Ohio State	

A born gambler who would rather play golf than football (he has reached the finals of the San Francisco city championship) and who has been known to loiter on the way to practice to pitch pennies in the Stanford Quad, Brodie puts football in its proper perspective at a school where a student protest was lodged last week because the library was closed while the Stanford-USC game was being played; *i.e.*, a shade below draw poker as a diversion. Stanford applauds this attitude. On a squad where 200-pound linemen wear their glasses in practice and where the first-string center reads Plato while they change the reels in the scouting films, a mere defeat is as inconsequential as a cut in English lit. Brodie, a mediocre student in medieval history, shares this lighthearted view. Drying himself after his shower, Brodie grinned: "I don't think it's a catastrophe. I still think we'll go to the Rose Bowl."

To do so, Stanford must whip Oregon State College at Palo Alto next Saturday. UCLA's Sanders is one who does not think this will happen. Oregon State Coach Tommy Prothro was a Sanders assistant until last year. Only last week he upset his ex-employer 21–7, and may have the fastest team on the Pacific Coast.

Stanford Coach Chuck Taylor, the first to admit Sanders is the Pacific Coast's best coach, is not yet willing to concede. "Everything is not lost," he insisted. "This was a good one to get out of our system to get ready for Oregon State. It prepared us for Oregon State." What was his prediction? he was asked. "I have a feeling we will win," cheerfully noted Taylor. At Stanford, this is exactly the position one should take. After all, if he doesn't, so what?

OKLAHOMA 27
COLORADO 19

FOR A LONG TIME Saturday afternoon Colorado was a great football team. For a little while—maybe 20 or 25 minutes—Oklahoma demonstrated how nearly perfect a college football team can be, and that was enough to beat Colorado 27 19. The game divided neatly into the two segments—a wonderful, unbelievably successful Colorado effort during the first half against nearly impossible odds; then the equally wonderful response of this Oklahoma team to the demands of a situation beyond the capabilities of an ordinarily good team.

This game was played in the climate of an upset. Oklahoma had just finished a game with Notre Dame for which they were keyed up to a maximum, full-game effort, and gave it. The following Tuesday afternoon the team was flat and ragged in workouts, and Captain Jerry Tubbs called a squad meeting on his own to bring them to life. But they still were not really ready by Saturday. Meanwhile, Colorado's coaches were trying to take this game in stride, but the players would not let them. The tension—the one imponderable, irreplaceable feeling that lifts a team to its best—built up and built up in the Colorado players, and by Saturday morning they were wound up tight and dangerous. And for the first half, they rammed the power of Coach Dallas Ward's single wing right down the throat of the Oklahoma defense. They blocked an Oklahoma quick kick for a touchdown, and they battered aside the Oklahoma defenses on two marches. When they were into close scoring territory, where the big Sooner line could bunch up tight and turn back their single-wing power, they fooled the defenses prettily for touchdowns, once on a quick pitchout from T formation; again on a daring, beautifully executed double reverse. The 47,000 people on hand roared and roared. It was 19 6 for Colorado at the half.

Colorado kicked off to open the third quarter, and Oklahoma, splitting its linemen a little wider to loosen the defense and using a delayed pitchout for the first time this season, moved 80 yards in 14 plays with adroit, cool precision. Almost at once everybody knew that the upset was not to be. When the Colorado defense pinched in to cut off the Oklahoma power up the middle, the delayed pitchout to Halfbacks Tommy McDonald or Clendon Thomas swept outside. Before the third quarter ended, Oklahoma led 20-19. Colorado was hurt by some unfortunate penalties, but Oklahoma was in command, clearly and for good. Colorado Center Jim Uhlir, in a happy Colorado dressing room, said, "I've never enjoyed playing a football game more than today. I'm only sorry we didn't win." —TEX MAULE

MICHIGAN 17
IOWA 14

IN IOWA, they call it the Michigan curse. For three straight years, Michigan had spotted Iowa the first two touchdowns, then sailed back to win: 14-13 in 1953; 14-13 in 1954; 33-21 in 1955. This year it was going to be different. Undefeated Iowa, a team of 11 steady players and no stars, had three Big Ten victories in its kick; now they were going to make it four. As one Hawkeye rooter's banner put it: "On to the Rose Bowl."

Following the formula of past years, Iowa jumped off to an early advantage with two first-half touchdowns and pranced off the field at half time leading 14-3. Yet once again Michigan rallied to pick up the marbles. As the oh-so-loyal (and long-suffering) Des Moines *Sunday Register* headline writer put it: MICHIGAN DOES IT AGAIN, 17-14. The key word was "again." Now, in verdant Iowa the phrase "black magic" is heard again in the land.



MICHIGAN'S RON KRAMER KICKS THE FIRST PERIOD FIELD GOAL THAT BEAT IOWA AS A ROOTER (EXTREME RIGHT) LENDS A HELPING FOOT



COLORADO ROARS AS STRANSKY (20) BULLS INTO OKLAHOMA'S McDONALD (25)



COLORADO BOGS DOWN AS BAYUK IS BENT BY OU'S HARRISON (54)

By half time, Iowa had looked like anything but a loser. Playing before a record homecoming crowd of 58,137 on a rain-soaked field, the Hawkeyes had capitalized on a Michigan fumble and an abortive Michigan quick kick for two first-half scores. They had throttled the best pair of ends in the business: Captain Tom Maentz and All-America Ron Kramer. Kramer had caught one pass for nine yards, flubbed another one. Maentz had caught none. Michigan looked tired and confused; Maentz, a 210-pound tower of heroics who had almost singlehandedly drubbed Iowa last year, provided the ultimate in ineffectiveness when, on successive plays, he missed an easy pass, toed a miserable 18-yard punt and drew a 15-yard penalty for piling on. Iowa Quarterback Kenny Ploen had made Kramer look sick by faking him out on a slick 33-yard rock-and-roll trip to the end zone.

Then came the half, ever the crucial time in an Iowa-Michigan game. Wolverine Coach Bennie Oosterbaan fixed Iowa with his special evil eye, and Michigan roared out on the field to begin a 13-play, 69-yard touchdown drive. But there was still time for Iowa to lay the ghost. Near the close of the third quarter, the Hawkeyes too, the ball on their own 17, reeled off a first down to the 29. Leading 14 10 (Kramer had kicked a 25-yard Michigan field goal to start the day's scoring), Iowa had only to hold on to the four-point spread. Quarterback Randy Duncan pitched out to Halfback Don Dobrine, who took off toward right end, suddenly found himself knee-deep in Wolverine tacklers. Like a panicked kid playing his first real live game of sure 'nough tackle, the usually reliable Iowa halfback threw the ball away, 10 yards from the nearest eligible receiver. Rightfully, Referee Ross Dean flipped his red handkerchief into the air, made the violent downward gesture signifying intentional grounding. Mistakenly, he stepped off 15 yards instead of five against Iowa (*see page 28*), and Iowa was third and 30 on its seven-yard line. That was the old ball game. Michigan took over in the fourth quarter, bulled its way 80 yards to score with only six minutes to play.

In the dressing room afterward Hawkeye Coach Forest Evashevski, once a great Michigan star in tandem with Tommy Harmon, shook his head from side to side and said: "I don't know what happens to Michigan at half time, but it always does." In the Michigan dressing room beefy Benny Oosterbaan gave his explanation with a modest grin: "At the half? I didn't tell 'em anything. They just had it in their hearts to win." —JACK OLSEN

FOR MORE NEWS OF FOOTBALL'S SEVENTH WEEK, TURN TO PAGE 48

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MEEK

THE ELITE AT LAUREL

In five years the Washington International and its entrants from overseas have brought new brilliance to the U.S. racing atmosphere

AS INCONGRUOUS as it may seem for a sport which has been growing annually since the end of the second World War, Thoroughbred racing in America has, until as recently as 1952, lacked much of the dignified respectability that one instinctively associates with racing in so many other countries. We are living in an age of fast and efficient air transport, a period of widespread international competition, and in a day when most U.S. politicians and Government officials will soon no longer be able to accept race track tax revenue with one hand while using the other to slam the door of recognition in the very faces of racing's official hierarchy.

One U.S. track is today leading the way in erasing the misconception that racing over here can never match the dignity of Longchamp and Ascot. The Washington, D.C. International—usually referred to now as simply the Laurel International, after the Maryland track at which it has run for the last four years—represents the closest thing to open world competition that has ever been seen in this country. For one thing, it is a turf race from a walk-up start—conditions found highly acceptable to foreign horsemen, who come, by invitation only, to compete for $100,000. Laurel President John D. Schapiro, who masterminded the mile-and-a-half classic (for which, incidentally, all foreign invitees receive full shipping and housing expenses), can, on the eve of the fifth International this week, happily reflect that in five years he will have brought to Laurel silks from 10 countries, including those of such distinguished owners as Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the President of Ireland and Sir Winston Churchill (who will be represented this week by his 3-year-old Le Pretendant).

Others due to face the starter and the American competition, which is expected to come from Dedicate and Mister Gus (and possibly one more last-minute entry), include the Swedish champion Chanteclair, Australia's Prince Cortauld, Hindu Wand from Canada, Vaquero from Ireland and Master Boing from France.

That these names hardly connote great champions matters little. It was purely misfortune that John Schapiro was unable to secure the world's greatest field—one which was to have included Swaps, Nashua and the great Italian Ribot. The important point is that Schapiro and the Laurel track are setting a true course toward the popularization of international racing. As they develop the project they are bound to attract a good deal more than just a lot of worldwide publicity. They are going to invite the discerning attention of a good many Americans who are just developing an interest in racing. And when a group such as the distinguished one seen at last year's International Ball (*opposite and following pages*) finds foreign ambassadors discussing various turf matters with U.S. Supreme Court Justices and Cabinet members, it has to be set down as a great advance for racing. The consequences won't be felt overnight, or in one or two years, but the Laurel International is a major step in the right direction. From it could come the long overdue recognition that racing deserves on the American scene. —WHITNEY TOWER



MAX BELL'S HINDU WAND, HOPE OF CANADA



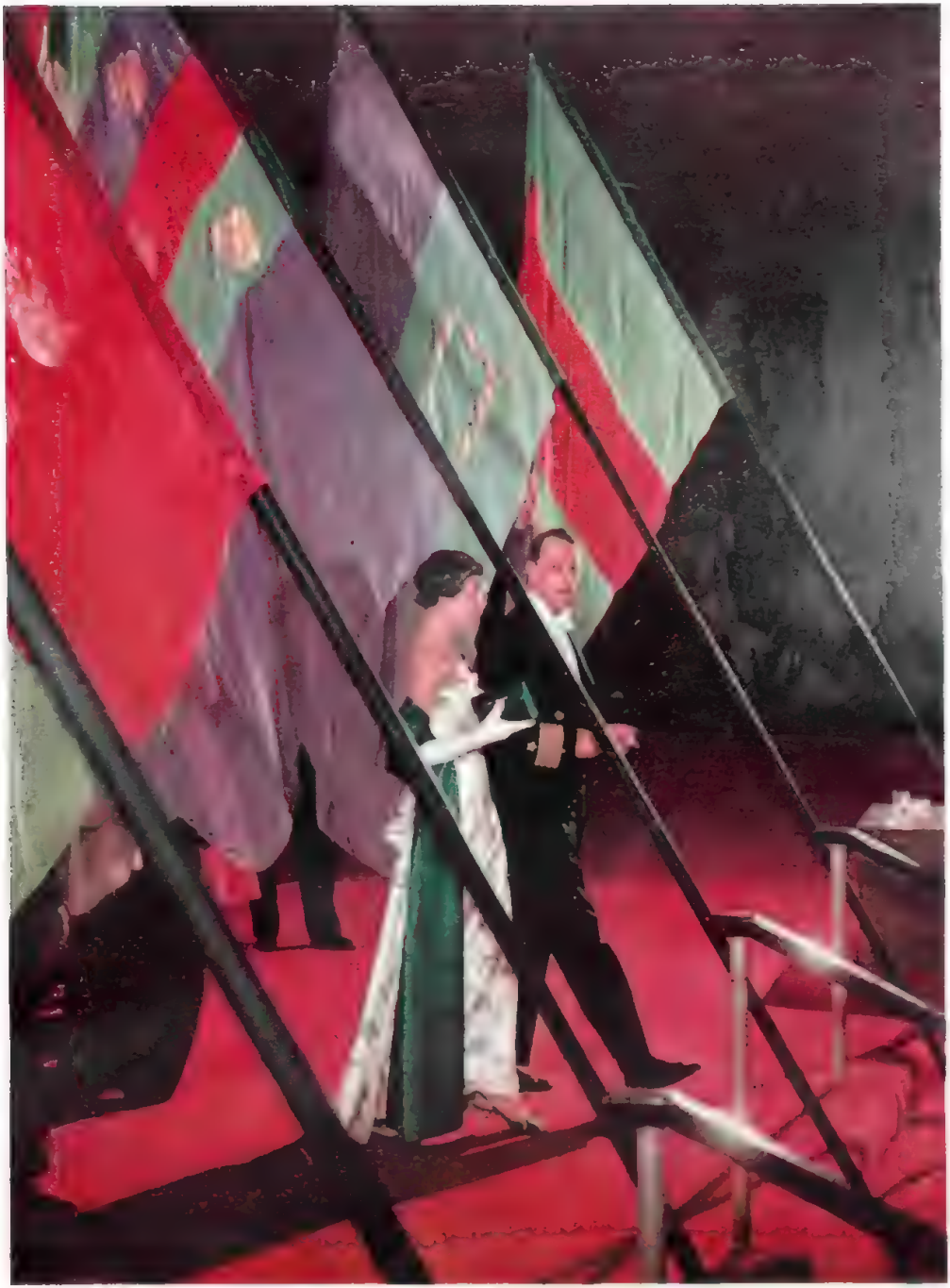
SWEDEN'S CHANTECLAIR



AUSTRALIA'S PRIDE, PRINCE CORTAULD

Prerace ball guests include British Ambassador Sir Roger and Lady Makins (top center and top right), Justice and Mrs. Tom Clark (left foreground), and Justice and Mrs. Stanley Reed (lower left).





Guests at the ball, like Captain and Mrs. Edes Talman above, walk between flags to a ballroom decorated with suspended horse figures and tablecloths made up like racing silks. Guests included ambassadors, cabinet members, top turfmen and socialites





F

World ... and ... riding ... with Starter Eddie ... before ... the International, From left to right, they are, at top: Lester Piggott (No. 2, England), Freddie Palmer (France), Eric Guerin (U.S.), Raul Bustamante (the winner from Venezuela), Walter Hold (Germany). Second row: Robert ... No. 7, U.S.), Eddie Arcaro (U.S., Blind, Johnny Longden (Canada), Angel Gutierrez (Venezuela), Rae Johnstone (France). Front row: Tommy Burns (Ireland), Willie Shoemaker (U.S.) and Willie Hartack (U.S.). In four running of the race, the ... have ... on England, France, America and Venezuela



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

POINT OF LIGHT • SEMIAMATEUR SPORT • THE AAU CHANGES SOME RULES • BASIC MANNERS FOR GOLF • THE NICEST HUMAN BEING IN CHICAGO • ELASTIC GRIDIRON • PENALTY IN SPADES

A SPARK

THE DARKENING NEWS from Egypt and Hungary came to the world last week almost at the hour that the Olympic flame—lighted with a burning glass from sunlight on the Olympian hills and carried across Greece by relays of runners—was being transferred (on the wick of a miner's lamp) to an Australian airplane for shipment across the seas to Melbourne. It seemed, amidst the appalling gloom, a very tiny light indeed; in fact there was even reason to fear that international bitterness might force cancellation of the Olympics and that the flame might never burn at Melbourne at all. One more Hungarian athlete—this time the pentathlon champion, Istvan Hegadüs—was shot to death as the Russians forced their way back into Budapest. At week's end, however, almost all the nations had apparently come to unspoken agreement on something curiously like the ancient Olympic truce.

Only one country—Iraq—formally withdrew from the Games last week. The Hungarian team, withdrawn when the revolt began in Budapest, eventually got the blessing of both its country's factions and went to Prague to await air transportation to Australia. The Soviet steamship *Gruzia*, which was believed to be keeping radio silence at sea, or perhaps even returning to Odessa, contacted Australian coastal radio stations and announced it would dock six days late with 91 Russian and 17 Hungarian athletes and officials. Other Russian team members moved toward Melbourne by air; Dutch, Polish, British and Swedish athletes were already on the ground. The U.S. team would begin arriving this week.

There seemed to be no inclination on the part of the International Olympic Committee or Australian officialdom to allow national feeling involved in the British and French foray against Egypt to touch the Games. "The Games," said Avery Brundage, chairman of the IOC, "are not concerned with political matters." The Australian Olympic official Wilfrid S. Kent Hughes—who is also a member of the Australian House of Representatives—declined to hear Prime Minister Menzies report on the Middle East situation lest attention to national concerns on his part jeopardize his country's position as Olympic host.

To say that the Olympics could remain untouched by the world's travail would of course be utter nonsense. One can only wonder what will be in the minds of the Hungarians as they leave Europe, or for that matter in the minds of Arab and Englishman, Frenchman and Pole as they engage in competition. But there was something infinitely touching about a late report from Melbourne: more than 300 athletes are already installed in the new Olympic village and, as far as officials there can tell, not one has permitted himself to speak of politics or war.

STANDARDS

AS THEY have done each year since the death of Grantland Rice in 1954—and are bound to do for years to come—Granny's friends, admirers and disciples in the organization known as the

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

- **Big Balanced Budget**

  The U.S. Olympic Committee sighted its financial goal of $1,500,000 in contributions, provided outstanding pledges are made good. The total included the largest gift ever made to the Olympic Fund: $132,000 from the Gillette Co., which contributed a dime for every razor it sold in July and August.

- **Slow-Burning Bridge**

  The Brooklyn Dodgers underscored their determination to have a new stadium by selling Ebbets Field for the site of a future housing development—with the understanding that they can lease it for five years, at a higher rental for the fourth and fifth years than for the first three.

- **Matchmakers**

  Sugar Bowl officials, curbed a bit in their reach by the Louisiana segregation law, are talking hopefully of attracting a service school like Navy for the New Year's Day game. But on the more practical side they are scanning such Southern schools as Georgia Tech, Tennessee, Texas A&M and Baylor.

- **Make the Omelet But Don't Break the Eggs**

  University of Iowa spokesmen indicated that one point of the Big Ten's proposed athletic code revision doesn't suit them: keying scholarship help to the degree of financial need. Iowa, squeezed geographically between Big Ten and Big Seven regions, felt this would give Big Seven schools a recruiting edge.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 25

Sportsmanship Brotherhood met last week in a session of affectionate memorial and recall. A guest of honor was Dr. Harvie Branscomb, chancellor of Vanderbilt University, Grantland Rice's old school, and in the spirit of the occasion he contributed a new chapter to the Grantland Rice legend.

"So much has been said about Granny," Chancellor Branscomb began, "that the only thing left for me to do as an academic is to report on his college grades. Well, I looked them up and



all I am going to say on this otherwise cheerful occasion is that there was an improvement. ... He took mathematics as a freshman and again as a sophomore. Evidently he loved the course, for the sophomore course appears to have been the same one he took as a freshman. ...

"One item on the record makes one tremble in retrospect. In his senior year in college Grantland elected his only graduate course. This was 'Graduate Economics,' a course usually designed to make statisticians of the students enrolled. My only reassurance as I contemplate what might have happened is the thought that though we professors throw academic baseballs at young men's heads ... they can dodge."

Chancellor Branscomb paid his respects to Columnist Red Smith, the winner of this year's Grantland Rice Award, whose texts, the chancellor revealed, are becoming textbook examples at Vanderbilt nowadays. Then, with a Tennessee glint in his eye, he went on.

"You sportswriters," he told them, "and, of course, I include sportscasters and leading figures in the world of sport —set the standards of sportsmanship in the American people; and sportsmanship means basic moral character. I don't need to tell you gentlemen what most men read first or at least most carefully in the daily press. ... There can be but little doubt, especially if one adds fishing to the list, that competitive sports, either as participant or spectator, constitute the major recreational interest of Americans. ...

"I was very much impressed with the Code of Sportsmanship which is in some of your literature, a code presented not as a set of moral maxims, but as a part of the happy injunction to 'Play the Game.' ... And yet, as good as it is, I would suggest that with the development of American sport there has come in an added dimension that needs to be brought somehow within the code. ... We have all heard and said much about the dangers of commercialization in amateur sport, and they are real. Instead of the game, the money becomes the chief thing and one plays not for fun, friendship, and glory, but for the publicity and the signed offer. We have made rules against the amateur accepting money for his skill and strength and have tried to combat the evils which we know too well.

"I would suggest that the development of sports has gotten to the point where the preservation of the amateur spirit is going to have to be stated not solely in terms of the high school graduate and the lone tennis player. Lincoln said this nation cannot be half slave and half free. We cannot have amateur players and commercial management. The institutions which sponsor our athletics will have to be challenged to remain amateur also.

"Most of the ills of our amateur athletics, at least on the college level, can be traced to the fact that the colleges, the associations and the bowls are making money or endeavoring to make money out of the gate."

THE GHOST OF WES SANTEE

THOUGH he has long since been banished to the outer darkness of professionalism, Wes Santee may yet be remembered as the perverse man who did the most in his generation to influence a renaissance of the amateur spirit in the U.S. Delegates to the Amateur Athletic Union's national convention at Los Angeles—reacting to the Santee case—last week voted a general overhaul of AAU rules governing expenses and, in so doing, took a more liberal and a more realistic view of the problems which Santee dramatized last year in such embarrassing fashion.

Under the new AAU laws the basic allowance for athletes traveling to meets away from home remains $15 a day; in areas where this is insufficient, however, athletes may draw an extra $5 and furthermore will be allowed, as they were not before, to draw expenses for the day preceding and the day following meets held less than 150 miles from home. At the same time two long-abused loopholes in the rules have been closed—an action, it seems obvious, that should have been taken years ago. Meet directors must now list the amounts of expense money paid athletes (heretofore such accounting was not mandatory), and athletes must file travel permits showing all meets in which they intend to compete on one trip. This simple device prevents an ancient and flagrant abuse of amateur rules, for heretofore a New York athlete competing, say, in three West Coast meets could quite possibly get three round-trip air or train tickets and cash in two of them.

"We did not," said the AAU attorney, Pincus Sober, "have any trouble such as the Santee case for 61 years, and I don't think we'll have it again for another 64 years."

TENTATIVE COMMANDMENTS

TWO MONTHS ago the Professional Golfers' Association set up a committee of self-appraisal for the study of "rules of conduct"—rules for the pros, that is. The committee, which includes such authorities as Bob Toski, Doug Ford and Tommy (Terrible-tempered) Bolt, is due to report next month. But meanwhile, it seems, PGA reflections on good and bad golf manners have already led to some tentative commandments—just as applicable to the weekend golfer as to the pro. Here they are —in the phrasing of J. Edwin Carter, PGA tournament director:

Thou Shalt Not Move, Swing or Talk While Another Player Is Executing His Shot.

Thou Shalt Not Drive Blindly into Players Ahead or Approach to an Occupied Green.

Thou Shalt Replace Divots and Repair Damage Done to Sand Traps.

Thou Shalt Not Deface Greens and Thou Shalt Repair All Bad Marks.

Thou Shalt Not Take a Golf Bag or Cart onto an Apron or Green.

Thou Shalt Not Putt out of Turn, Take Practice Putts After Holing Out



or Take Unnecessary Time to Make Scores While Standing on Greens.

Thou Shalt Not Display Unsportsmanlike Behavior Such as Throwing Clubs, Losing Temper or Quitting, etc.

Thou Shalt Not Leave Putting Area While Competitor Is Sinking a Putt or Rush Down the Fairway Ahead of the Rest of Your Playing Group.

continued on page 28



"Well, Comrade, somebody has to keep an eye on the marathoners!"

continued from page 26

Thou Shalt Not Be Discourteous to Other Players or to Your Caddie.

Thou Shalt Not Hold Up Fellow Players and Shalt Always Let Faster Groups Play Through.

One of the reasons the pros are examining their own good-conduct rules is that the tournament circuit and the tensions of the tournament circuit have been growing at approximately the same rate. Moreover, the number of tournament spectators has vastly increased since World War II. Put all these new fans on courses not always right for a pro tournament, combine with the touring professionals themselves (Carter admits some pros *are* surly) and you have the stage set for misunderstandings.

Ed Carter thinks it is just possible that he may have some tentative commandments, one of these days, for golf spectators.

"Of course," he says, "we must all remember the Bible wasn't written in a day."

VERY RESPECTED GUY

AMERICANS WHO BET big money on football games phoned Winnipeg, Canada as usual last week (the number: 92-7210) and were startled by the odds that were quoted. Some of the odds, in fact, were downright nonsense, and the more knowing bettors hung up. The unknowing, however, didn't. Happily they wagered, never suspecting that the phones were being manned and the odds improvised on the spot by Winnipeg policemen.

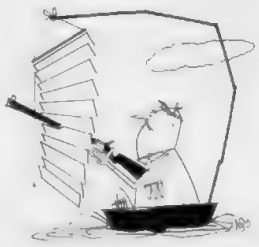
For the Morality Squad, led by Inspector Jack Webster, had raided the O.K. Sales Co., Ltd., an enterprise with offices on Winnipeg's Main Street. It was incorporated only six weeks ago as a commission and brokerage house dealing in "wares, products, and merchandise of every kind and nature whatsoever. . . ." Inspector Webster claimed, though, that O.K. Sales dealt in nothing but big bets—on American football, collegiate and professional; on the presidential elections; and (in season) on the World Series. He arrested five men and charged them with keeping a betting house.

Among them was a plump little Chicagoan named Leo Schaeffer. If Leo is found guilty in a Winnipeg court it will probably bring to an end the career of a senior figure (he is 56) in U.S. gambling. Leo has always had a first-class reputation among his pals. Some of them recall that from the very beginning of his big-time bookie career (in Chicago, just after World War II) Leo was "the nicest human being you ever talked to." When the mobsters demanded a piece of his operation around 1951, Leo quit Chicago and was able to take the business and the good will of his customers with him. Around 1952 he and a friend pioneered international betting in Montreal, and were so successful that other U.S. bookies swarmed after them, fleeing the mob. The mob followed; things got hot, and everybody left Montreal.

Leo's friends say he should have retired right then: his partner died, and he was rich from the good days in Chicago and Montreal. But Leo loved his pals and his work, football especially. Winnipeg caught his eye this year, and so the O.K. Sales Co., dealing in commodities of every kind whatsoever, was born. One of Leo's acquaintances estimates that O.K. Sales booked $50,000 a day in football alone and labels the estimate conservative.

The maximum penalty for keeping a betting house in Winnipeg is two years' imprisonment. Saddened U.S. bettors think that Leo will really retire now, whether he is found guilty or not.

"All that aggravation, running the risk," says one of them. "It's too much. Leo was a very highly respected guy. He was highly respected, you might say, in circles in which he *was* respected." In Corpus Christi, Milwaukee, Palm Beach, New York, everybody is going to miss Leo. "It's a blow to people who bet. Everybody's looking around for new bookmakers, but Leo's business is too big for one bookie to take over. You can't get off a big bet now—you've got to take it 40 times."



ITALIAN-STYLE

I've read of duck hunting in Venice,
A place where the duck hunter finds,
While awaiting his quarry's arrival,
A use for Venetian blinds.

RICHARD ARMOUR

HOW TO MAKE A FIRST DOWN

THIS IS APT to shake the foundations of mathematical orthodoxy, but in Dayton the other day six inches of a football field disappeared. The University of Detroit freshman football team was at one point just six inches shy of making a first down. On the next play the Detroiters were declared offside and duly penalized five yards. On the *next* play the opposing Dayton freshmen were in their turn offside and penalized, and Detroit regained the lost five yards. Mathematics, not to mention logic, would now hold that Detroit was once more six inches short of its first down. The officials, however, had no faith in such logical folderol. Like good pragmatists they measured again just to be sure—and, by golly, Detroit had made it. First down. Never mind how, you in the back of the classroom; facts are facts.

Though you may remember that Einstein held that if two systems are in relative motion with a uniform linear velocity it is impossible for observers in either system to learn anything more about the motion than the fact that there is this relative motion.

Right? Right. First down.

GOOF

A MORE SERIOUS official slipup occurred in the Michigan-Iowa game Saturday after Iowa's Don Dobrino intentionally grounded a pass, which is, of course, illegal. Referee Ross Dean stepped off a 15-yard penalty that set Iowa back to its seven-yard line.

Iowa Coach Forest Evashevski, his view of the field partially obstructed, phoned his press box spotter and asked what the penalty was for.

"Intentional grounding," said the spotter.

"You're crazy," snorted Evashevski. "The penalty for intentional grounding is only five yards."

Evashevski was right; so was the spotter—so far as they went. The fellow who was all wrong was the ref, who had indeed signaled intentional grounding, and then paced off a penalty of 15 yards instead of five. Iowa, leading 14-10 at the time, never recovered, really, and Michigan came on to win 17-14.

Nobody raised the point until after the game, when SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Jack Olsen got to the authorities. By then, all that the assistant commissioner of the Big Ten, Bill Reed, could say was: "He made a mistake on that one. In plain words—man, he goofed."



THE SMILE OF A HAPPY GUN

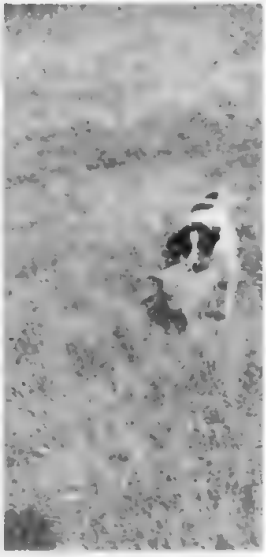
It spread across the face of hunting America as pioneers like this one, Mrs. Elwood Whitney of New York, found fun and game in shooting.

TURN THE PAGE TO SHARE HER FUN AT THE GAME

HUNTERS SWING HURRIEDLY TO COVER RISING PHEASANT IN FIELD OF SUMAC WHITNEY (FOREGROUND) AND GUEST MRS. NORA DARDEN (RIGHT)



WELCOME REST in the field before lunch is taken by hunters, who tramped across hilly hunting country all morning. Host Whitney, an advertising man, lights up a cigaret while Dick Gelb of New York, Montice Wolverton of Pittsfield, Mass. and Mrs. Whitney relax.



GOOD RETRIEVE is enthusiastically made by one of the dogs used during the two-day hunt

PHEASANT TO ORDER

On a private game preserve surrounding their country home near Pine Plains, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Whitney, who live in a New York City apartment, entertain guests with a weekend of released pheasant shooting. A few hours before the hunt, pen-raised ringnecks were released to join the wild pheasants roaming the 900 acres of this custom-made hunting preserve. Result: some of the finest wing shooting of its kind in the East



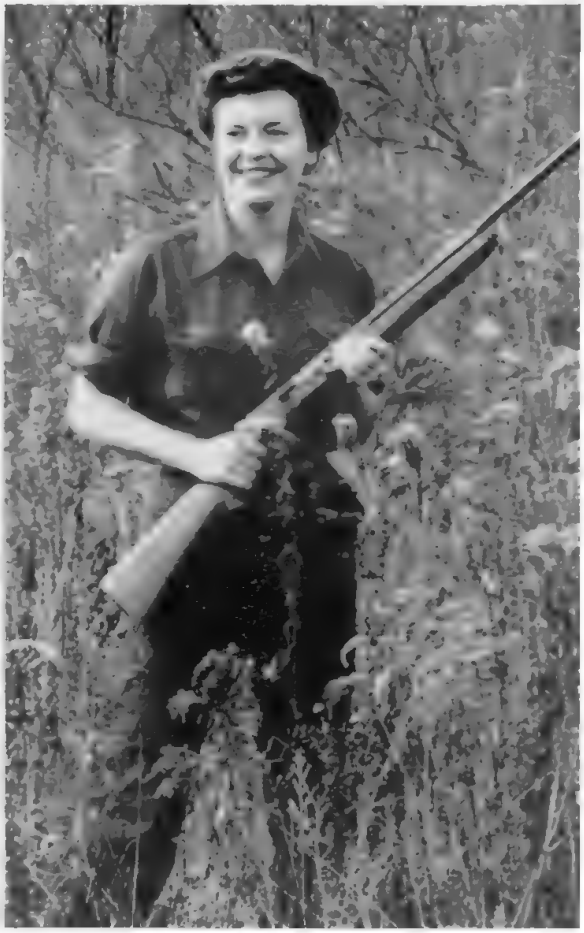
BACK MRS. WHITNEY'S SHOT, WHICH PROVED SUCCESSFUL



after Wolverton, a Chevrolet dealer, had downed his first bird. For most of the hunt Whitney's own outsize but willing Weimaraner, Mr. Big, did the bird dog work.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HALMI

NORA DARDEN OF PHILADELPHIA SMILES HAPPILY AFTER A SUCCESSFUL SHOT



ALONG A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS TRAIL IN NORTH DAKOTA, GORDON WESTLIE (LEFT) OF MINOT AND SAMUEL BURGESS OF DICKINSON SEARCH FOR



OIL MAN-CATTLE RANCHER Tom Leach of Texas and [illegible] guest A. Wronkandt [illegible] on progress of pheasant dinner in elaborate kitchen of Lea-Kel Ranch

VIVACIOUS HOSTESS Frances Leach accents dinner coffee with western humor.





PHEASANTS AS LATE AFTERNOON SETTLES UPON THEM

WILD HARVEST IN NORTH DAKOTA

In the state where a man can see three days ahead and the rolling fields seem filled with pheasants, Dakotans are reaping a rich crop of game. At the 10,000-acre Lea Kel Ranch in Towner western hospitality glowed warm as ice-garbed winds whipped across the prairies and made the fat, wary birds even wilder. Undaunted by the climate, hunters sought and found their prey in the cornfields, in the coulees and along an endless maze of crisscrossed hay trails

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED STEIN



BULGING LIMIT of 24 cock pheasant plus bonus of Hungarian partridges and grouse is displayed at end of day. Happy hunters are *left to right* : Dr. Ward Robinson, Minot; Al Weinhandl, president of Minot's First National Bank; Gordon Westlie of Westlie Motors, Minot; Lawton (Buzz Osborn Jr., Dickinson photographer; Ed Tobin, Dickinson utility executive; Sam Burgess, publisher-owner of *The Dickinson Press*; John Peters of Lefor, cattle rancher; and John Schneider, postal official of Lefor.

PACK TRIP TO BIGGER GAME

Out of Cody, Wyo., 13 hardy hunters wended their way by horseback toward the rugged hills of the Thorofare Wilderness. They came from all over—a banker from Florida, a mechanic from Wyoming, a supermarket owner from Ohio. They had little in common save a love of hunting, but the promise of elk, moose and mountain sheep brought them together for 10 days with Speed Spiegelberg's commercial pack trip (at $500 each)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOERN GERDTS



AFTER FOUR DAYS, SEARCH AND SUSPENSE, GLADE NELSON



TROPHY ELK [illegible] (*left*), who was guided by Jim Egeland (*right*), a cat-skinner from Cody.

LONG COLD WAIT for elk goes unrewarded for Bruce Jarvis of Ashtabula, Ohio, who reflects the silent thoughts of a tired, frustrated hunter.



OF OREGON BASIN, WYO. (LEFT) AND GUIDE JIM EGELAND SPOT A MOOSE IN THE TALL GRASS. SECONDS LATER NELSON FELLED IT—HIS FIRST



CHANGEABLE WEATHER found [illegible] and [illegible], but the next. Above, Lorentine Dr. Charles Grace and Hunter Gene ready in sta

BEST TROPHY of hunt was bighorn sheep with full curl, shot in rough terrain by Norman Samuelson of Cody, here being congratulated by Speed



THE PROS TAKE TO THE ICE: EXPERIENCE vs. SPIRIT

As the 40th National League season went into its second month the defending champions trailed while Toronto skaters were making crowds aware of youth

AT THE START of the 40th National Hockey League season just about a month ago—a time, incidentally, when most of us were quite rightly still muttering the names of Larsen, Newcombe, Maglie & Co.—not many hockey men would have registered any undue surprise if the following directive had been issued from league headquarters: "Because of their proved superiority over all other teams, the defending NHL and Stanley Cup champion Montreal Canadiens are hereby automatically awarded first place for the 1956–57 season."

On paper, the directive would have made uncommonly good sense in a sport where good sense has been commonly lacking for too many years. On paper, yes, Montreal has everything: Beliveau, Geoffrion, the Richards, Harvey, Plante and all the other fine skaters who dominated the play a year ago. But, fortunately for the game, reputations earned one season don't win games in another. Montreal has been hard hit by injuries, but the question the rest of the league can ask after seeing the champions win but three of their first nine games, is: should a few injuries have made such an effect on a great team if it is a *really* great team?

Every team, with the exception of Montreal and Chicago, has gotten off to the kind of start which gives hope for over-all improvement. And Montreal can be expected to return very near to the top if not right to it. Chicago, now with former Detroit coach Tommy Ivan doubling as coach and general manager, has acquired such competent skaters as Ken Mosdell, Wally Hergesheimer, Zellio Toppazzini and Eddie Mazur, but even so the Black Hawks went through seven games before winning one. With Ivan in charge they should improve.

Off and flying, with only one defeat in their first eight games, were the Detroit Red Wings, who a year ago were eliminating themselves from all title hopes by winning only three of the first 18. The difference: last year Coach Jim Skinner spent most of the season remolding a new team around veterans Lindsay, Kelly and Howe. This year the team was ready at the opening whistle.

The New York Rangers and Boston Bruins are suffering from offensive deficiencies. The Rangers scored only 16 times in the first eight games, while the Bruins seem to expect Goalie Terry Sawchuk to carry his team almost single-handedly.

Most improved team so far has been the Toronto Maple Leafs. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, somewhat anticipating this about-face, commissioned Artist Russell Hoban to visit the Leafs' camp to record the spirit of hockey. While there Artist Hoban sensed what the rest of the NHL now knows to be fact: the youngest club in the league history (average age 24) and a sparkling new goalie in Ed Chadwick are showing Rookie Coach Howie Meeker (a former Toronto star himself) that the proper mixture of youth and spirit can—for a time at least—overcome some of the advantages of big-time experience. —WHITNEY TOWER

HOCKEY AS RUSSELL HOBAN SEES AND PAINTS IT



WHEN ARTIST RUSSELL HOBAN visited the Toronto Maple Leafs camp he made hundreds of sketches like the one at left before producing such paintings as those on the opposite and following pages—paintings that give the true feeling of hockey, not necessarily as exemplified by any one team or player, but rather of the sport itself, which he here describes in his own words: "During the mornings and afternoons of training the shouts of the players echo in the frosty air of the empty arena. This is the time of the veterans fighting for their jobs and rookies trying to move up—the time of the 28-man squad that will be cut to 16. The coach, with sharp eyes and sharp voice, skates after the players with a whistle in his mouth and a 70-game schedule on his mind. In this first picture he is snapping at a forward's heels like a terrier. 'Heads up!' he yells as the puck is passed. Then, in the next hurried instant, he follows up with, 'Go, Go! Right through the hole! Go, Go!' "



AT THE END OF THE MORNING'S SCRIMMAGE

"They finish the practice with wind sprints, racing down the rink at top speed. When the coach blows the whistle all the skates dig in, spraying ice as they reverse direction and skate the other way as hard as they can until the whistle blows again. When this rough session is over, the players have very little left in them."



POP OR MIKE OR TOM

"A long time ago he used to be a good middleweight, a shortstop or a wingman, and now he lives in the humid climate of the dressing room, where young men, who never think of growing old, tease him cruelly."

THE SCOUT AND THE PRIEST

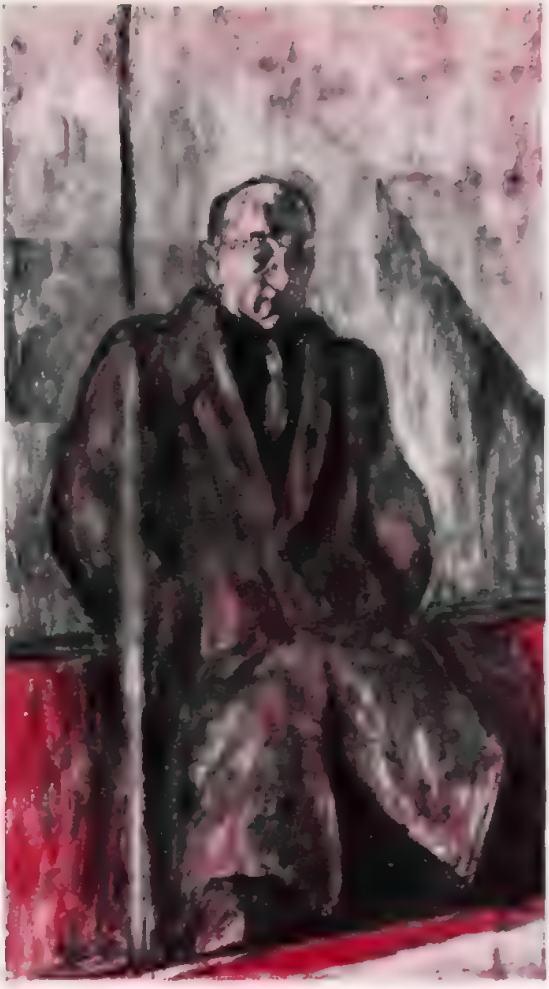
"There's a kid in my parish, a 12-year-old pee wee. He has a good shot, skates well, good stick handler. He might be all right on defense. His father wants him to have a good education. You might do well to have a look at him on your next trip."

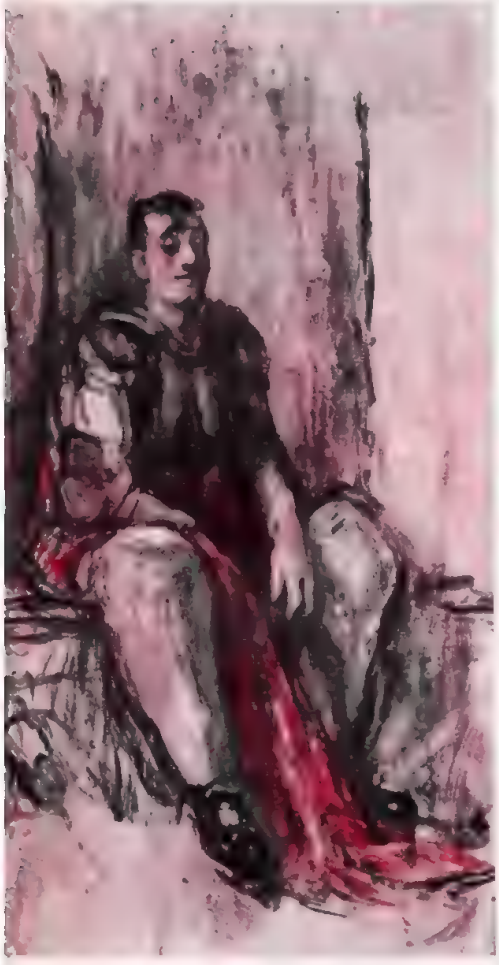


HOCKEY *continued from page 39*

25 YEARS IN HOCKEY

"First I was a player, then a coach. Now I'm a manager. I guess hockey is like a virus that gets into the system and you can't get rid of it. I'm sure if I had put as much time into something else I'd be richer. . . . They're not sharp at all today—not getting the puck out of their own end, not checking correctly. They'll have to do a lot better once the regular season gets under way."





BACK TO THE MINORS

"I don't feel too bad about it. I'm borderline NHL material and I know it. Lots of people thought I never would make a major league team, but I was lucky enough to have four years with them. . . . You see, I don't skate too well. Maybe some of the rookies won't work out so good. Maybe I'll be back before long."



Collectors Items from Coopers Gallery

Your socks are showing—and they show a great deal about you. That's why these Coopers Unisize® socks on exhibit upstairs merit serious consideration the next time you're out shopping. Neatly patterned and smartly colored, they're specially designed to complement your new fall wardrobe. Specially designed to fit, too, because they're made of stretch nylon (or stretch nylon blended with your choice of cotton or wool). Coopers Unisize fit all feet; never slip, wrinkle or bind. Price? Only *One Dollar up.*

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BIG M ANNOUNCEMENT NO. 1



WILL INFLUENCE THE SHAPE OF CARS FOR YEARS TO COME — Mercury's new Dream Car Design makes a clean break with the old-shape thinking

MERCURY PRESENTS



OUTDATES ANY CAR ON THE ROAD From the back you see four stunning examples of Mercury's new Dream-Car Design: the daring V-angle tail-lights, the imaginative Jet-Flo bumpers, the sculptured rear deck and top, and the sleek, slender roof.

See the most advanced design in cars! The biggest Big M ever! More than 17½-feet long, over 6½-feet wide, with exclusive Floating Ride, Keyboard Control, and up to 290 hp!

Here is the first dream car to go into full production. It's THE BIG M for '57. A car straight out of tomorrow—with the biggest size increase in the industry. Bigger all over—with far more room for every passenger.

EXCLUSIVE FLOATING RIDE— Never before has any car offered you so many new, road-smoothing features. New Full-Cushion shock absorbers are the first in the industry to give such amazing control on rough roads without sacrificing a satin-smooth ride on average roads. They are engineered to team with Mercury's new springing. Special high-speed valves, built into these new shock absorbers, control bound and rebound like a giant hand.

Straight out of tomorrow...a dream car you can own!



lines of many of today's cars present a look of age. Even the Thunderbird, for instance, is already dated

DREAM-CAR DESIGN FOR '57

New *step-back* ball joint front suspension now, in effect, pulls you over, rather than pushes you into, bumps.

And this is the heaviest Mercury in history, with new *balanced* weight distribution, new road-hugging center of gravity, and many other ride improvement — the most effective combination of bump-smothering features ever put between you and the road.

TWO NEW ENGINES, 255 HP AND 290 HP— You have your choice. A 255-hp V-8 is standard. A 290-hp Turnpike Cruiser V-8 is optional. And there are two Mercury engine "firsts." A Thermo-Matic Carburetor controls the temperature of air the engine breathes. And the Montclair series has a Power Booster Fan that saves up to 17 hp.

DREAM-CAR FEATURES EVERYWHERE You have to see the new Mercury in person to see everything. You'll find you can get a power seat that "remembers"—turn a dial and it finds your favorite driving position. But see *all* the news. See the first dream car come true, today, at our showroom.

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EXCLUSIVE KEYBOARD CONTROL Most all automatic transmission controls are call this. Starts the engine, controls drive, low and reverse, locks the transmission to parking and releases the brake at the press

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Inspired by the striped sails of valiant Viking ships . . . these rich new colors, glowing deep and vivid as the Northern lights But no ancient Norseman ever dreamed of colors as dauntlessly colorfast as these! For these are *Coloray* colors . . . caged in the rugged rayon fiber as the fiber is being formed. Impervious to washing sun perspiration Won't fade, streak or run— *ever*

"Northern Lights" sport shirt in a Brodnax fabric, $5.95 S M L XL. Others [illegible] stripe and plaid effects All rugged Coloray At fine stores everywhere or write COURTAULDS ALABAMA INC 600 Fifth Avenue New York 20

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COLORAY

Rayon fiber with Captive Color . . . *"can't escape"*

SCOREBOARD

. . . THESE FACES IN THE CROWD . . .



Murray Rose, free-wheeling 18-year-old Aussie vegetarian, took dead aim at the world 1,500-meter swim record, became first to break 18 minutes with brilliant 17:59.5 clocking at Melbourne. Reflected Rose: "I just kept my fingers crossed."



Ashley Cooper, another of Australia's rising young Davis Cuppers, gave Bill Talbert and U.S. squad more food for thought, upsetting ranking stars Ken Rosewall and Lew Hoad to win Queensland singles title at Brisbane.

RECORD BREAKERS

Parry O'Brien and **Harold Connolly**, massive-muscled Olympians frustrated by technicalities a week earlier, made world sit up and take notice as U.S. team engaged in final practice meet at Los Angeles before taking off for Melbourne. Jittery O'Brien (*see page 40*), only man in history to better 62 feet in shotput, uncoiled his huge frame with grunt, whipped 16-pound ball 63 feet 2 inches to break own world record for 5th time (Nov. 1). A day later, Connolly energetically whirled ball and chain tremendous 224 feet 10½ inches to better 11-day-old world hammer throw mark claimed by Russia's moody Mikhail Krivonosov. Other record breakers, Charley Jenkins, Lon Spurrier, Tom Courtney and Lou Jones, stepped briskly through mile relay in fantastic 3:07.3 for new world standard; Oregon's limber-legged Bill Dellinger unloaded rousing closing kick to outrun little Max Truex (who set mark Oct. 20) in 14:16.2, a new American record for 5,000 meters.

FOOTBALL

Oklahoma, **Georgia Tech** and **Tennessee** continued unbeaten but not before Sooners and Engineers experienced some trying moments. Shocked Oklahoma had to overcome 19-6 half-time deficit to beat defiant Colorado 27-19 while Tech squeezed past defense-minded Duke 7-0 and Tennessee romped over North Carolina 20-0. Michigan State came back to wallop Wisconsin 33-0; Michigan ended Iowa's unbeaten dream 17-14; Minnesota barely edged Pitt 9-6; Ohio State won over Northwestern 6-2 for Big Ten record of 16 straight; Syracuse moved to top in East by holding off Penn State 13-9; Navy outpowered Notre Dame 33-7. UCLA upset Stanford 14-13; Oregon State remained in Rose Bowl running by outscoring Washington 28-20; Texas Aggies rolled over Arkansas 27-0; SMU was hard pressed but beat Texas 20-19.

NFL races settled down to two-way battles in both conferences as New York nosed out Pittsburgh 17-14 and Chicago Cards outpassed Philadelphia 28-17 in East, unbeaten Detroit turned back San Francisco 17-13 and Chicago Bears outscored Los Angeles 35-24 in West. Cleveland stuck to ground to beat Green Bay 24-7.

BASKETBALL

Minneapolis found patsy in NBA Western Division, knocking off Rochester three straight 97-88, 95-85, 88-87 to challenge St. Louis, which split pair with Syracuse, for lead. Nats, beaten for first time after taking three in row, were still one half game in front in East after New York turned back Boston 113-107, Fort Wayne 96-83.

AUTO RACING

Carroll Shelby, drawling Texan, lost ground to Phil Hill's more maneuverable 3.5-liter Ferrari on hairpin curves but picked up pace on straightaways with his more powerful 4.9-liter Ferrari to average 78.5 mph as he won 105-mile feature of final SCCA races at Palm Springs, Calif. (*see page 58*).

BASEBALL

Brooklyn Dodgers, piqued at criticism by local experts, used long-ball lift by Rookies Jim Gentile and Don Demeter to overpower Japanese teams in four games but sent 40,000 Osaka fans into ecstasy when they bowed to Japan All-Stars 3-2 for third loss of Orient tour. Meanwhile, back home it was announced that Ebbets Field, called "outmoded, dirty and inadequate" by President Walter F. O'Malley and many other things by visiting pitchers who have disgustedly watched pop flies sail into handy Bedford Avenue for home runs, was sold to Realtor Marvin Kratter, who plans to erect a housing project on site. But Dodgers, with high hopes for spanking new ball park, will maintain temporary home at Ebbets Field under terms of three-year lease with two-year option.

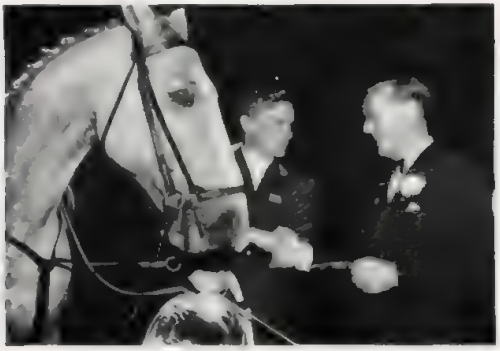
Leo Durocher, rarely at loss for words, failed to talk Cleveland's Hank Greenberg into stock deal, reluctantly turned down bid to manage Indians and was forced to conclude "my future is here in Hollywood." Still in running: former Chicago White Sox Skipper Marty Marion; Kerby Farrell, who led Cleveland's Indianapolis farm club to American Association pennant and "Little World Series" championship.

HORSE RACING

Summer Tan, held in snug restraint in early going, moved up firmly and resolutely under urging of Derby-winning Jockey Dave Erb to win $84,700 Gallant Fox Handicap

continued on page 46

FOCUS ON THE DEED



ROYAL HANDSHAKE by Prince Bernhard (*right*) greets Hugh Wiley after jump-off victory in the Royce A. Drake Memorial Challenge Trophy at National Horse Show in New York.



REGAL SMILE is flashed by Mexico's dashing Brigadier General Humberto Mariles as he accepts international jumping event Good Will Challenge Trophy from Mrs. Alfred E. Tuckerman.

SCOREBOARD



Elzie (Buck) Baker, ex-cowboy racing driver who learned his trade while piloting a bus, has done even better with Chrysler 300B in 1956 NASCAR Grand National stock car competition, winning championship with 8,555 points.



Clarence (Pants) Rowland, baseball veteran who got his nickname from anties while wearing father's overalls as youthful member of Dubuque sandlot team, was given a new job by Chicago Cubs: president of Los Angeles Angels.



Jim Shoulders, cowboy from Henryetta, Okla., whose bareback bronc busting and bull-riding have won him $47,010 and an equal number of points, has clinched Rodeo Cowboys Association all around championship for year.

in track record 2:41 3/5 for mile-and-five-eighths at Jamaica.

Loppylugs, lop-eared 4-year-old bay gelding picked up by British Farmers John Beary and Norman Hines for mere $400, held off stablemate Tretch challenge by Larry McPhail's top-weighted 133 pounds and costly ($196,000) Hafiz II to take 117-year-old Cambridgeshire Handicap at Newmarket. Next stop for Hafiz II: stud duty at Stallion Station in Kentucky.

Ark Royal, Pandie Sun and **Fighting Force** drove nose and nose for wire, finished that way in Hotham Cup at Melbourne for second triple dead heat in Australian turf history, first since 1904.

HOCKEY

Montreal, despite injuries and other assorted ailments, perked up to hand front-running Detroit first defeat 4-3, outskated last-place Chicago 6-0, 1-0 to move into third-place tie with Boston, which won two out of three, in NHL standings. Second-place Toronto trounced New York 7-2 but lost chance to lead when Red Wings held firm to win 2-1.

BOXING

Eddie Machen, the fast-moving, power-punching young Californian who has rolled up 18 straight and is considered by many to be slickest heavyweight prospect around, was named boxer of the month by NBA, which also paid left-handed tribute to retired Bobo Olson for "recognizing he has reached the end of the fistic trail."

Gil Cadilli, another of Manager Sid Flaherty's hopefuls, surprised fourth-ranked Featherweight Ike Chestnut with countering combinations, picked up 10-round split decision and prestige at Houston.

Vince Martinez, third-ranked but forgotten man of welterweight title sweepstakes, continued to wage Manager Bill Daly's war of attrition against IBC, slashing and hooking one Jones Ford to win non-TV 10-rounder at Miami Beach.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED: **Herman Hickman,** SPORTS ILLUSTRATED football columnist, winner of 1956 Touchdown Club award for "lasting contributions to football," in New York.

HONORED: CECIL SMITH, 52, onetime Texas cattle puncher who became 10-goal polo star; and **Davey O'Brien,** pint-sized TCU passing wizard of late '30s, named to Texas Sports Hall of Fame, at Dallas.

BORN: To **Terry Brennan,** embattled young Notre Dame football coach, and wife Mary: their third child, second daughter; at South Bend. Name: Jane Killorin. Weight: 6 pounds 15 ounces.

DIED: **Mrs. Marie Heiss,** 41, Munich-born baker's wife, career-devoted mother of three figure skating champions: Carol, 16, who won world crown last February; Nancy, 14, national junior women's titlist; Bruce, 12, Eastern States junior men's champion; of cancer, in New York.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING
STIRLING MOSS, England, 205.5, Grand Prix of Caracas, in 2:31:50, in Maserati, Caracas, Venezuela
SAM HANKS, Burbank, Calif., USAC 250-m. Natl. Stock Car Championship Race, in 1:46:44, in 1956 Mercury, Agoura, Calif.
JIM BOTHWELL, New Brunswick, N.J., and Bob Mollman, Cleveland, Appalachian Mt. Natl. Rally with error of 291 seconds, in Austin Healey, Hershey, Pa.

BASKETBALL
U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM, over Denver Chicago Truckers 85-72; Wichita Vickers, 87-72; Phillips 66 Oilers 85-81, in 3-game round-robin tour.

BOATING
MIT, Schell Trophy with 158 pts., New England fall invitation regatta, Medford, Mass.
ROYONO, skippered by Albert C. Cavileer, 100-m., The Skipper Invitational Race, in 13:44:58-elapsed time, Annapolis, Md.

BOWLING
51, Ohio's BUDWEISERS, Nat. Team Elimination title, with 11,655 pins in 12 games, Buffalo, N.Y.

BOXING
CHARLEY NORKUS, 10-round decision over Joey Rowan, heavyweights, New York.
CHARLEY JOSEPH, 10-round split decision over Willie Vaught, in middleweights, New Orleans.
JOE MICELI, 10-round decision over Carlo Sarlo, welterweights, Chicago.
PAOLO ROSI, 8-round TKO over Henry (Toothpick) Brown, lightweights, Washington, D.C.

FOOTBALL
SASKATCHEWAN, over Winnipeg, 42-7, first game, WIFU playoff, Regina.

GOLF
BILL CAMPBELL, Huntington, W. Va., over Joe LeBlanc, 9 & 8, Mexican Amateur, Mexico City.
JERRY BARBER, Los Angeles, Pueblo Valley Open, with 207 for 54 holes, Chino, Calif.

HORSE RACING
CAPELET, $89,300 Frizette Handicap, 1 1/16 m., by 2 lengths, in 1:45 2/5, Jamaica, Jim Nichols up.
RENEGED, $31,700 Benjamin Franklin Handicap, 1 1/16 m., by nose, in 1:45 1/5, Garden State, Bob Ussery up.



ALL OUT FOR SPEED, cars whiz along top of newly erected overbank curve during race at the streamlined Monza track.

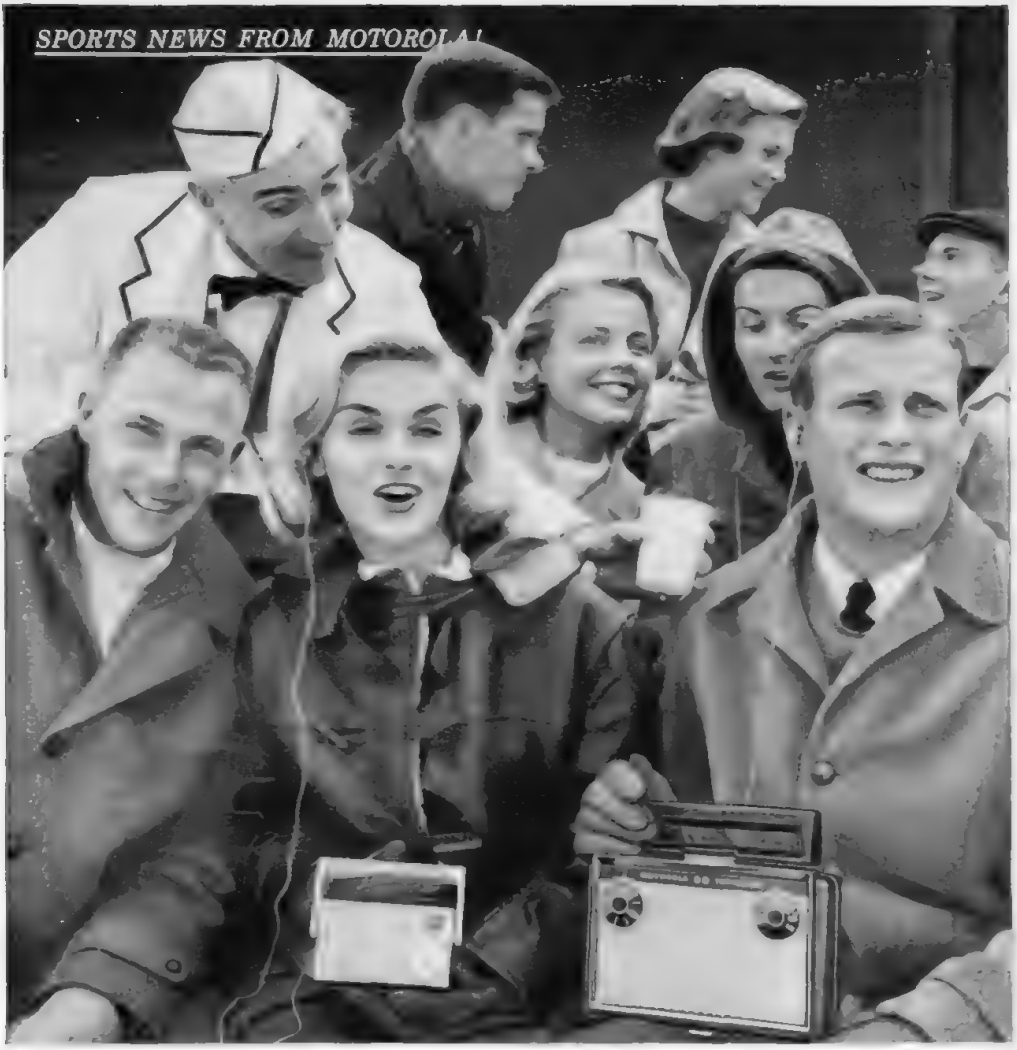




CAUGHT IN THE ACT, Shotputter O'Brien heaves *left* and watches *right*, ball soar 63 feet 2 inches for world mark.



LIGHTING THE WAY, Greek runner leaves Olympian hills with the flame which will fire huge Olympic Torch at Melbourne.



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AROUND THE COUNTRY

by DON PARKER

REMEMBER DORANDO in the 1908 Olympic marathon? Far in front, he collapsed just 10 yards short of the finish line in one of the most fantastic foldups in sporting records. Last week the nation's front-running football teams were beginning to show signs of fatigue reminiscent of Dorando while running the final few laps of the 1956 college gridiron race, with the rich bids awaiting just the other side of the finish line. Georgia Tech, for instance, retained its untied and undefeated status by the barest of margins as an inspired Duke team outplayed the Engineers on the ground and in the air. Tennessee, also unmarred in six battles, kept its clean slate against a weak North Carolina team, but by no means as convincingly as had been expected. Tech and Tennessee meet this Saturday in a game that must mar the aspirations of one of them. The outcome will decide which team will be most sought after by the Cotton and Sugar Bowls. Oklahoma, ineligible for a bowl but determined to nail down its second consecutive national championship, faltered dangerously against Colorado and had to erase a two-touchdown half-time deficit before winning by a mere eight points—its poorest showing of the season (*see page 18*). Iowa, until Saturday the only team in the Big Ten with a perfect record, bowed to Michigan and saw its Rose Bowl hopes diminished, while sturdy Ohio State took over the Big Ten lead with a lucky hairline victory over downtrodden Northwestern.

In the East, both Syracuse and Navy showed that they may have the stuff to go the distance and simultaneously heightened their chances for bowl bids with impressive wins over Penn State and Notre Dame, respectively. Clemson gained stature as the probable Atlantic Coast Conference representative in the Orange Bowl slot by beating Virginia Tech. Out West, however, the Rose Bowl picture was still muddy as Stanford lost to UCLA (*see page 16*) and faced a showdown with Oregon State this weekend. The final run to the tape appeared to be filled with stumbling blocks even yet.

THE EAST

FOOTBALL'S regimental-stripe-tie, button-down-collar brigade, those eastern oddballs who play the game for fun, have gone big league—and on their own terms. Saturday's round of eastern grid matches produced at least two red-hot bowl contenders and proved that hallowed halls can still send forth fair matches for any challenger in the country.

Navy, possibly only the third or fourth best team in the East behind the independent Big Three (Syracuse, Penn State and Pitt) walloped **Notre Dame** for the first time since the war year of 1944, 33-7. The win stirred interest in the Middies down in Gainesville, Fla., where the Gator Bowl fathers are inspecting 1956 candidates for the Dec. 29 show. **Syracuse** and **Penn State**, unconquered save in the East by Pittsburgh and Army respectively, fought a traditional battle which could well have decided the Lambert Trophy winner. Syracuse took the game 13-9, thanks to two costly Penn State fumbles in the third quarter, one of which was converted into the winning Orange touchdown. Both the Cotton and Gator Bowls were watching for the winner of this one.

Perhaps the most unusual game of the year was played at West Point, where **Army** yielded 46 points to a potent **Colgate** attack, yet still managed to win 55-46. Together, the teams gained 939 yards, rolled up 44 first downs and a total of 101 points. Three men scored three touchdowns each (Bob Kyasky and Dick Stephenson for Army and Jack Call for Colgate).

Yale and **Princeton** continued their neck-and-neck race for the Ivy League crown with respective wins over **Dartmouth** (19-0) and **Brown** (21-7), apparently setting the stage for a sudden-death title match Nov. 17 at New Haven. **Pennsylvania** surprised **Harvard** 28-14 for its first road victory since 1952. **Columbia** won the big one for departing Coach Lou Little, a 25-19 farewell present over favored **Cornell**. It was the final home game for Little, who can now boast he began and ended his 27-year tenure at Columbia's Baker Field with victories.

Tufts, which had emerged as the East's Cinderella team after opening successfully against Harvard and winning the next three in a row, finally fell to a souped-up **Amherst** squad 6-0. Other scores:

Bates 21, Bowdoin 17
Connecticut 0, N. Hamp. 0
Holy Cross 21, Boston U. 12
Mass. 26, Vermont 19
Maine 26, Colby 7
Middlebury 41, Norwich 14
N'eastern 19, Brandeis 13
Springfield 40, Rhode Island 0
Trinity 27, Coast Guard 7
Union 20, Williams 14
Wesleyan 24, Rochester 7
Boston College 7, Villanova 6
Del. 7, Bainbridge N.T.S. 7
F&M 21, Carnegie Tech 0
Hamilton 49, Kenyon 13
Juniata 48, Grove City 0
Lehigh 21, Temple 0
Rutgers 20, Lafayette 19

THE SOUTH

IN A WEEKEND of bright sunshine in Florida and disconcerting rain in the Carolinas, the South's unbeaten "big four" came through unsullied once more, though none was particularly impressive in winning. Georgia Tech and Tennessee of the Southeastern Conference, once-tied Clemson of the Atlantic Coast Conference, and once-tied Miami of the independents moved ever closer to showdown meetings with one another—Georgia Tech facing Tennessee this Saturday and Clemson colliding with Miami the following week.

Georgia Tech, still the class of the South, ran into unexpectedly stubborn resistance from **Duke** before grinding out a fourth-period touchdown for a 7-0 win. **Tennessee**, with Johnny Majors on the sidelines because of rib bruises, started slowly against a stubborn **North Carolina** defense but finally hacked out a 20-0 victory. **Clemson** vaulted past **Virginia Tech** for a 21-6 victory, while **Miami** used its first stringers sparingly Friday night, depended on its second and third teams to run off with a 20-7 triumph over game but obviously overmatched **Florida State**.

Mississippi and **Florida** racked up impressive conference victories. The speedy, shifty Rebels riddled **LSU's** pass defense in the second half for an easy 46-17 victory after trailing 17-14 at half time. Florida struck suddenly on long gainers for three touchdowns and a 20-0 victory over **Auburn**. **Tulane** survived a late **Mississippi State** offensive to register a 20-14 conference win. **Georgia** came from behind to beat **Alabama** 16-13 on a 29-yard field goal by Ken Cooper.

In interconference games, **Vanderbilt** beat **Virginia** 6-2. A 46-yard drive and a 78-yard punt return brought methodical **Kentucky** a 14-0 victory over **Maryland's** amazingly impotent Terrapins. Other scores:

W. Va. 14, G. Washington 0
VMI 20, Wm. & Mary 6
South Carolina 13, Furman 6
Wake Forest 13, N.C. State 0
Miss. South. 36, Abilene Chr. 6
Davidson 7, Richmond 0
Chattanooga 33, Tampa 0
Sewanee 26, Centre 0
Citadel, 20, Presbyterian 13
Stetson 20, Car. Newman 0

THE MIDWEST

AFTER SATURDAY'S play in the Big Ten **Minnesota**, rated at the beginning of the season as an outsider, must be favored to go to the Rose Bowl. The Gophers continued unbeaten (though once tied by Northwestern) with a squeaker over a fine **Pittsburgh** team 9-6. **Michigan**, which lost to Minnesota last week, kept alive its faint hopes for a trip to Pasadena on New Year's Day by coming from behind to beat **Iowa** 17-14 at Iowa City. Iowa buckled and fell

under Michigan's second-half pressure after leading by 11 points at half time. **Michigan State** bounced back from its loss last week to Illinois, easily crushing weak **Wisconsin** 33-0. **Ohio State,** a rugged ground-gaining power that regards the forward pass as an effete maneuver, reluctantly had to throw the ball to beat surprisingly tough **Northwestern** 6-2. **Illinois** and **Purdue,** two erratic teams, battled to a 7-7 draw, as Abe Woodson, the Illini star whose miraculous runs beat Michigan State last week, saved the game by plucking a Boilermaker fumble out of the air in the end zone and dashing out of danger. **Indiana** huffed and puffed and finally beat weak **Marquette** 19-13.

In the Big Seven **Colorado,** which had looked to the **Oklahoma** game as just another one on the schedule, almost produced the upset of the season before finally losing 27-19. The Sooners, trailing 19-6 at the half, turned loose Tommy McDonald and Clendon Thomas for three touchdowns in the final two periods for their 36th straight win. **Missouri,** hoping for a chance to represent the Big Seven in the Orange Bowl, fell victim to two **Nebraska** touchdowns and a 33-yard, third-quarter field goal by Quarterback George Harshman to lose 15-14. Missouri is now 2-1, Oklahoma 3-0 and Colorado 4-1 in the conference. **Kansas** came from two touchdowns behind to overhaul **Kansas State** 20-15, while **Iowa State** which had yielded 86 points and scored none in the last two games, bounced back to thrash **Drake** 39-14.

Houston kept up its strong pace in quest of a Missouri Valley championship, crushing **Wichita** 41-16. The Cougars now lead the conference with a 2-0 mark. In nonconference games **Tulsa** pushed **College of the Pacific** from the unbeaten class 14-13, and **Oklahoma A&M** was tied by **Texas Tech** 13-13. **Cincinnati** rolled over **Detroit** 33-7 in a third nonconference hassle.

Central Michigan clinched the Interstate Intercollegiate Athletic Conference title, the fifth year it has either won or shared the honor, by blanking **Eastern Michigan** 19-0. Other scores:

Miami (Ohio) 7, Bowl Green 7 — Wash. (St. L.) 26, S. Ill. 0
Ohio U. 27, W. Mich. 7 — Bradley 53, William Jewell 14
Kent State 52, Toledo 6 — Lawrence 20, Cornell (Iowa) 0
Wabash 34, Wash. and Lee 0 — John Carroll 44, W. Reserve 14
Akron 40, Oberlin 14 — S. Dak. 20, Iowa Teachers 19
Denison 73, Ohio Northern 0

THE SOUTHWEST

TEXAS A&M found fog and cold to its liking and turned the well-ballyhooed ground-power duel with **Arkansas** into a 27-0 rout. A&M, now 3-0 in the Southwest Conference, will almost surely play host at this year's Cotton Bowl game if the NCAA lets them off probation when the case is considered this month. **SMU,** unbeaten in SWC play, thanks to two extra-point conversions in its two games, scored 20 points in the first half against an inept **Texas** eleven, then had to hold on in the last half to withstand a fired-up 19-point assault by the Longhorns.

TCU, hoping to see A&M tripped up, knocked off **Baylor** 7-6 on a fourth-quarter touchdown march. **Rice** scored three times on passes and once on the ground to throttle visiting **Utah** 27-0 as End Buddy Dial caught five passes.

In the Border Conference, **Texas Western** posted double digits in each quarter to rout **Hardin-Simmons** 51-13. **West Texas State,** riding a five-game winning streak



EMERGENCY REPAIRS

Quarterback Earl Norwood of Oakland JC was forced to miss action in the third quarter against San Mateo JC Saturday because his wooden leg was splintered. By the time he got a spare leg fitted San Mateo led 13-0. Norwood returned to action in time to guide Oakland to two touchdowns and a satisfying 14-13 victory.

12-0 in conference play, was tripped by **Arizona** 20-14, while **Arizona State** went outside the league to bedevil **San Diego State** 61-0 for its seventh straight. Other scores:

Howard Payne 19, McMurry 7 — Texas A&I 27, E. Texas St. 14
Trinity 7, North Texas St. 7 — Ark. A&M 19, Ark. St. Tchrs. 14
Steph. F. Austin 9, Sul Ross 7 — Corpus Christi 20, Austin 14

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

A WINTERIZED **Wyoming** team virtually clinched the Skyline Conference championship Saturday by trouncing **Utah State** 21-0 at Logan. Jim Crawford, the nation's leading ground-gainer, rolled up 132 yards in 15 carries for the Cowboys to win individual honors and run his season total to 912 yards. In the only other Skyline game **Brigham Young** rolled over **New Mexico** 33-12 for its first win in 14 outings. Despite snow and cold, the BYU Cougars completed 22 of 43 passes for 206 yards. **Montana State College,** which had already clinched the Rocky Mountain title, walloped rival **Montana University,** their Skyline neighbor, 33-14.

The unbeaten **Air Force Academy** kept its slate clean with a 21-0 win over **Colorado State College.** The Falcons have now rolled up 254 points to 40 in their second football season. Other scores:

Idaho St. 27, Colorado Mines 6 — Highlands 20, Westminster 14
West. State 21, Col. Coll. 14 — E. New Mex. 59, Adams St. 14

THE FAR WEST

OREGON STATE set up a Rose Bowl showdown with Stanford this Saturday as it stopped **Washington** 28-20 at Portland before 32,890. If OSC does get to Pasadena, it will be due in no small part to sophomore Tailback Earnel Durden, who scored three of the four Beaver touchdowns. The Beavers drove 83 yards to a touchdown the first time they got the ball, with Durden carrying for the final four yards. Again in the first quarter, Durden took a 16-yard pass from Joe Francis to give OSC a 14-0 first-quarter lead. Washington eventually cut the margin to 21-14, but Durden put the game beyond recall in the fourth quarter with a 44-yard scoring run.

Even without Jon Arnett, who played his last game for **USC** last week, the Trojans managed to handle **Washington State** at Pullman 28-12. **UCLA's** 14-13 upset of **Stanford** was the stunner in Pacific Coast Conference *see page 16*. The result threw the PCC Rose Bowl race into temporary confusion, which should be settled by Saturday's Stanford-Oregon State match. In the other PCC game Saturday, **California's** unpredictable Golden Bears fell to a swift **Oregon** team 28-6, and Coach Pappy Waldorf was hanged in effigy. Other scores:

San Fran. St. 10, Cal Aggies 0 — Oregon Ed. 24, Oregon Tech 7
Denver 35, San Jose 26 — East. Ore. 36, South. Ore. 27
Idaho 24, Fresno St. 12 — Brit. Col. 7, Central Wash. 6
Sacramento St. 21, Nevada 20 — West. Wash. 14, East. Wash. 13
Humboldt 7, Chico St. 6 — Whitman 27, Lewis & Clark 21
Portland St. 33, Pacific U. 14 — Puget Sound 20, Willamette 14
Linfield 20, Col. of Idaho 7

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

VITAL STATISTICS. The oft-neglected field goal brought victories to three teams last Saturday: Minnesota (Borstad, 26 yards); Georgia (Cooper, 29 yards); Michigan (Kramer, 15 yards).

AIR DEFENSE COMMAND. Penn State has allowed only 18 pass completions in six games, but, even more amazing, the Nittany Lions have intercepted 16 errant tosses.

TEXAS COACH Ed Price, hanged three times in effigy for turning out losing football teams, finally resigned his $12,500 per year job last week at the urging of friends who feared for his health.

THE PRAYIN' COLONELS of Centre College, wandering far from their old Kentucky home, came to the end of an 18-game winning streak—at the hands of Sewanee 26-0.

CLARENCE PEAKS, Michigan State's All-America halfback, was brought down last week, but not by any player. He stepped in a hole while running in the clear against Illinois, injuring his knee. Corrective surgery has ended his college career.

YOU SHOULD KNOW:

HERMAN HICKMAN shows how to get more pleasure out of football by understanding the intricate pass patterns of single-wing football

MOST PASSING attacks, whether they be run from a single wing or some version of the T, are built on one of—or a combination of—three basic techniques. They attempt to beat the defensive players by:

1 INDIVIDUAL MANEUVERS AND STUNTS. This is best accomplished by setting the ends and/or backs as wide flankers. This alignment isolates the defender who must play wide as a precaution and thus practically forces the defense into a man-for-man arrangement. The receiver then hopes to get clear of his opposing defender with some kind of stunt.

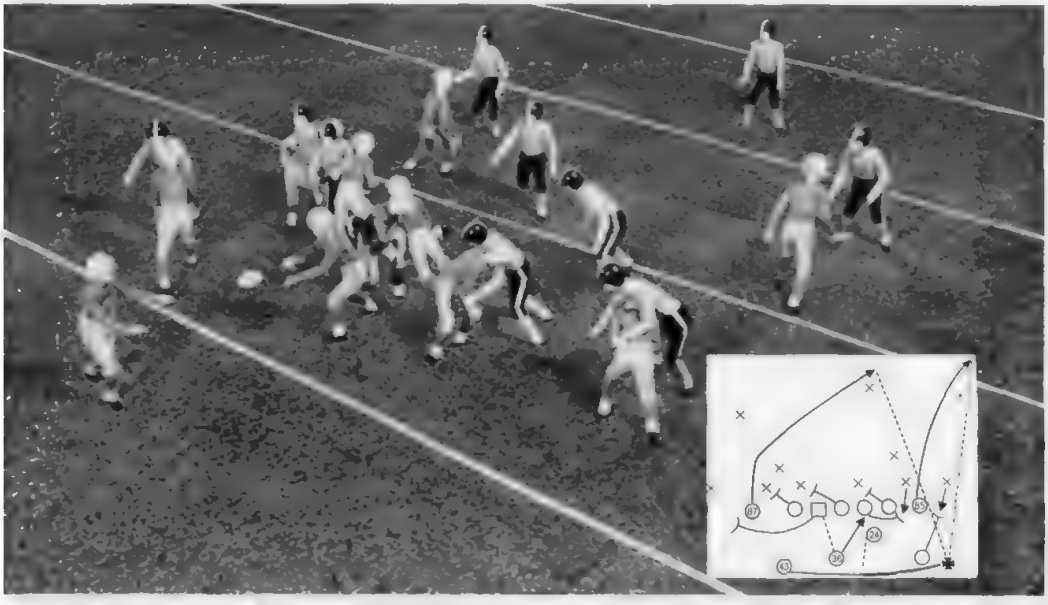
2 PATTERN PASSES. In this maneuver a particular zone is "flooded" by at least three and sometimes four receivers. One may go to the flat, one may hook in in front of the defending halfback and another go behind him, while still a fourth might block, delay and slip into an open spot vacated by the secondary. The passer looks over the field without any intent to conceal the fact that it is a pass, picks out the "open" man and throws to him.

3 RUNNING-PLAY PASSES. The latest trend in football is to design pass plays that look exactly like the team's strongest running plays. This type of pass serves two purposes. First it locks a fast pursuing defense and also it prevents any concentrated rushing.

An excellent example of a running-play pass will be on exhibit this weekend when Michigan shows Illinois its buck-lateral pass from the single-wing formation with the wingback deep.

The pass variation on the play stems from Michigan's famous buck-lateral series, so named because the ball is snapped to the fullback, who drives into the line. He may fake giving it to the quarterback and "keep" on a trap play. He may give to the quarterback who can run off tackle to the strong side; feed to the right halfback on a reverse play; hand off to the left end on an end-around run or an end-around pass; throw a quick jump pass; or flip back to the left halfback for either an end run to the strong side or the buck-lateral pass, as illustrated by the football manikins below. These are just a few of the deceptive maneuvers of this series, which is also used by Michigan State and Princeton. The running plays alone are challenge enough to any defensive scheme, but with the pass as an added fillip it seems almost unfair—especially when the team is lucky enough to have two such fine pass-catching ends as Ron Kramer and Tom Maentz, shown on this week's cover.

The Tennessee single-wing passing attack, one of whose plays is shown in the other manikin illustration, is probably less versatile, but it too relies heavily on running-play passes. The accent here is on timing, faking and perfection of movement—all built around the tailback, who is the heart and soul of the Tennessee single-wing system. The same is true of the other major proponents of this style of attack—UCLA, Oregon State and Wyoming. Phil Dickens, the Wyoming coach, gives his boy, Jim Crawford, much of the credit for the undefeated



BUCK-LATERAL PASS by Michigan has Fullback Hermanson (36) charging into line. He hands off to Quarterback Van Pelt (24), who flips back to Left Half Pace (43), running to the right. Now the secondary defense, which began to move in with the fullback fake, has to rotate toward the run. The offensive ends, Kramer and Maentz (87 and 85), running at the safety and defensive left half as if to block for the runner, are now receivers, and the ball carrier (43) throws to whichever end has worked himself free.

status of the Cowpokes this season.

Tennessee, of course, like all other teams today, has every type of pass, as will be abundantly clear to those who watch the Vols in their crucial do-or-die test with Georgia Tech this Saturday in Atlanta. However, they have probably had more success with the running pass to the strong side than any other team in the country over a period of 25 years. Incidentally, they refer to it as "run or pass," and if the defensive end is blocked and the secondary is hanging back for the expected pass the run is always preferred. But until 1946 the defense *knew* it was going to be the power play off-tackle and nothing else whenever the tailback received the snap from center and started toward the weak side. Backers-up filled the hole, and halfbacks met the play on the line of scrimmage. In that year General Bob Neyland, then the Tennessee coach, added the pass, as illustrated by the manikins. This season under the tutelage of Bowden Wyatt it has been most effective, particularly with little Tailback Johnny Majors handling the ball.

No doubt the T and split-T are here to stay, but don't sell the old-fashioned single wing short. Be the line balanced or unbalanced, it has a multitude of fascinating new wrinkles, particularly in its pass patterns.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For games of Saturday, Nov. 10

● **Georgia Tech vs. Tennessee.** Wyatt's wily Vols will rock, sock and roll, but Johnny (Drum) Majors' condition uncertain. Yellow Jackets' superior depth and experience should be the difference. GEORGIA TECH.

● **Minnesota vs. Iowa.** TV game of the week. Warmath winning with minimum of mistakes. Gophers feature goal-line stands and field goals. Next goal Rose Bowl. MINNESOTA.

● **Stanford vs. Oregon State.** Winner will be West Coast Rose Bowl representative. Easy to figure. Indians beat USC who beat Beavers. Beavers beat UCLA who beat Indians. A wavering vote for Prothro's surprising, single-wing sophomores. OREGON STATE.

● **Southern Methodist vs. Texas A&M.** Spirited Mustangs still unbroken in SWC rodeo. Have ridden with Aggies all the way. TEXAS A&M.

● **Michigan vs. Illinois.** As Michigan State knows, the Illini can beat any team. Wolverines well aware. Sticking with steadier team. MICHIGAN.

● **Missouri vs. Colorado.** It is my belief the Buffaloes are bound for Miami and the Orange Bowl. COLORADO.

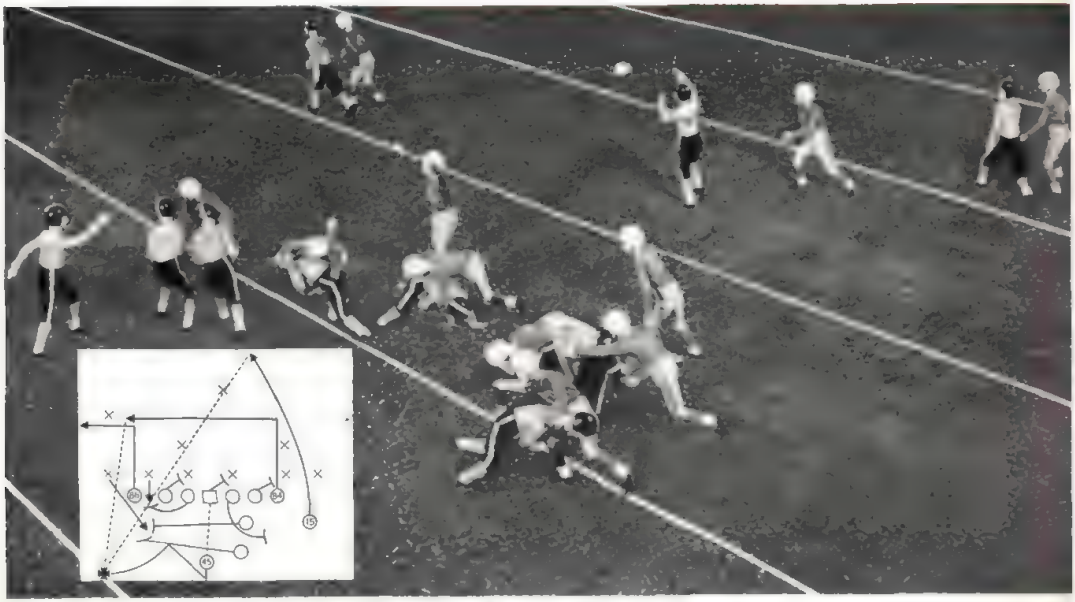
● **Michigan State vs. Purdue.** Spartans bounced back from Illini upheaval like their namesakes. Boilermakers' big line and indomitable Dawson are dangerous. But Spartans may still be the best in the country. MICHIGAN STATE.

● **Duke vs. Navy.** Erdelatz' embryonic ensigns had too much fire power for the foundering Fighting Irish. But Blue Devils in Durham showed long expected potential in Tech game. I'm stubborn. An upset. DUKE.

ALSO:

Army over William & Mary
Baylor over Texas
Florida over Georgia
Houston over Tulsa
Oklahoma over Iowa State
Kentucky over Vanderbilt
Clemson over Maryland
Ohio State over Indiana
South Carolina over N.C. State
Oregon over Washington State
Pittsburgh over Notre Dame
Princeton over Harvard
Southern California over California
Syracuse over Holy Cross
UCLA over Washington
North Carolina over Virginia
Yale over Pennsylvania

Last week's hunches:
19 right, 5 wrong, one tie
Record to date: 130-39-6



WEAK-SIDE RUN-PASS by Tennessee capitalizes on defense's fear of strong weak-side running. Key man is Tailback Johnny Majors (45), who drives hard at the defensive right end. The blocking back and fullback team on the defensive end as if to take him out, but they contain him instead. Now Majors fades to his left and throws to either the right end (84), who has cut across into territory left by defensive back covering left end (86), or to the wingback (15) should the safety cover the crossing right end.

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THE PROS

by TEX MAULE

EASTERN CONFERENCE

The **Chicago Cardinals,** with something new added to the stodgy running tactics of the college split-T, drubbed the **Philadelphia Eagles** 28-17 Sunday. The additive which makes the Cardinal split-T octane rating high enough for the powerful pro grid machine is a much stronger emphasis on passing. Lamar McHan, the Card quarterback, passed for all four of his team's touchdowns, bringing his touchdown production to nine for the year and his completion average to a remarkable 56.7%. Last year, throwing from the conventional T, McHan's completion average was 37.7%. "The Eagles were stacked to stop our running," Coach Ray Richards said. "That gave McHan all the opening he needs. He's a really wonderfully accurate passer and this year, with all the passing developing off our split-T running plays, he hasn't been rushed hard. Until last week he hadn't lost a yard attempting to pass." All of this adds up to bad news for one, Jim Lee Howell.

Coach Howell's **New York Giants** are tied for the Eastern Conference lead with the Cardinals after squeaking by the **Pittsburgh Steelers** 17-14. "The defenses were tough in that game," said Howell. "The offense didn't look great, but that's like a pitcher throwing a no-hitter. No matter how good the batters are, they have to look bad." The Giants, with Defensive Backs Herb Rich, Ed Hughes and Em Tunnell all crippled enough to make them doubtful starters, face a peculiarly tough chore against the Cards this Sunday. "It's like playing a single wing team in college," Howell pointed out. "We only see this offense twice a year and we have to devise special defenses for it."

	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Giants	5	1	0	.833	Browns	2	4	0	.333
Cards	5	1	0	.833	Eagles	2	4	0	.333
Redskins	2	3	0	.400	Steelers	2	4	0	.333

WESTERN CONFERENCE

The **Detroit Lions** again switched big Leon Hart to fullback and the 250-pound erstwhile end scored twice on lumbering plunges to beat San Francisco 17-13. The Lions remain unbeaten and in first place in the West, but it becomes apparent, week by week, that the neighboring Bears are the real powerhouse of the league.

The **Chicago Bears,** with Fullback Rick Casares gaining 132 yards along the ground, whipped the **Los Angeles Rams** 35-24. Again it was the beautiful balance of the Bears which made the difference - Quarterback Ed Brown passed well, End Harlon Hill caught two touchdown passes, Casares slugged away at the middle and Halfback Perry Jeter provided wing-footed speed. This Bear team has won 13 of its last 15 league games and averaged over 36 points per game this season. It is a massive team —the defensive line averages 234, the offense 230 — possessed of great receivers in Ends Harlon Hill and Gene Schroeder to go with the passing of Brown and the running of Casares and Jeter. Bill McColl is the flanked halfback and the 230-pounder is another great receiver.

The **Cleveland Browns,** long the most effective passing team in pro football with Otto Graham, jettisoned that weapon against the **Green Bay Packers** in winning 24-7. Vito Babe Parilli, who is no Graham and, for that matter, is no George Ratterman, either, threw only four passes against the Packers, completing two for 57 yards. But Ed Modzelewski and Preston Carpenter rattled through the Packer line for a total of 181 yards. The Brown defense, as usual, was tremendous and Lou Groza, who has had his troubles this year, kicked a field goal. Except for the passing, the Browns looked more like champions than at any time this season.

The **Washington Redskins** and the **Baltimore Colts** had Sunday off.

	W	L	T	Pct		W	L	T	Pct.
Lions	6	0	0	1.000	Packers	2	4	0	.333
Bears	5	1	0	.833	Rams	1	5	0	.167
Colts	2	3	0	.400	49ers	1	5	0	.167

PRO PIGSKIN X-RAY

INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

RUSHING

	Plays	Yards	Avg. Gain
Rick Casares, Bears	119	590	5.0
Ollie Matson, Cards	103	533	5.2
Hugh McElhenny, 49ers	88	443	5.0
Frank Gifford, Giants	73	440	6.0
Ron Waller, Rams	59	343	5.8

PASS RECEIVING

	Caught	Yards	Touchdowns
Bill Howton, Packers	28	654	8
Harlon Hill, Bears	25	551	5
Billy Wilson, 49ers	25	352	1
Frank Gifford, Giants	25	303	1
Elroy Hirsch, Rams	21	404	5

PASSING

	Atts.	Comp.	Yards	Pct.	Avg. Gain (yards)
Ed Brown, Bears	80	49	825	.613	10.31
Lamar McHan, Cards	67	38	621	.567	9.27
Bill Wade, Rams	93	50	853	.538	9.17
George Shaw, Colts	70	42	594	.600	8.49
Bobby Layne, Lions	122	69	996	.566	8.16

SCORING

	Touchdowns	F.G.	E.P.	Total
Rick Casares, Bears	10	0	0	60
Bobby Layne, Lions	4	6	14	56
Bill Howton, Packers	8	0	0	48
George Blanda, Bears	0	6	28	46
Alex Webster, Giants	7	0	0	42

HORSES **by ALICE HIGGINS**

At Harrisburg, as the international teams made their first appearance, Gen. Mariles shared spotlight with

THE BIG JUMP

THE OUTSTANDING individual at the Pennsylvania National in Harrisburg was the durable and dauntless brigadier from Mexico, General Humberto Mariles. His appearance was almost as surprising as it was welcome—until quite recently it had seemed likely that the ebullient and colorful general was out of international competition for good. His army show jumping team, the target of some intramural politics, was disbanded by order of the War Department just before the Olympic Equestrian Games this June. The timing of the team's breakup kept Mariles, a former gold medal winner, at home. But the general fought back. With the help of private donations (which is the way the U.S. team is supported) Mariles organized trials, selected riders, supplied horses and then took a dead aim on Harrisburg. He made it, too, and the veteran horseman and his hastily selected civilian teammates managed the capture of five blues.

(Last year the team was in an automobile accident en route to Pennsylvania which left Mariles with a cracked coccyx. Since he continued to ride—usually on his bobtailed horse, Chihuahua II—the fracture did not heal correctly. When he returns to Mexico, Mariles plans a month's vacation and an operation. "They are going to cut it off," he laughs, "so I will be just like Chihuahua!")

Although the new members may lack some of the general's dash and skill, they can claim to share his courage. Julio Herrera, a race track saliva test supervisor who had not ridden in competition for 13 years, won Mexico's first Harrisburg blue, and Samuel Soberon, a retired leather merchant, was riding in his first international competition at the age of 58.

The familiar music of *El Himno Nacional Mexicano* was not played much more often than the more familiar music of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Three blues plus the Low Score Championship went to the U.S. team of Bill Steinkraus, Hugh Wiley and Frank Chapot, which was polished, well balanced and much more experienced after a summer of competition in Europe's top horse shows. In fact, they rode so smoothly that their difficult wins were often made to look like easy ones.

•

The Mexican tack room, after each International event, was filled with the animation and confusion usually associated with an opera diva's dressing room. While four teen-age "observers" from a private military academy passed out pennants with the motto *Por mejores jinetes con mejores caballos* (for better horsemen with better horses), the general sat at his ease, dispensing radiant good will, autographs and tequila to his assorted fans and accepted with equal enthusiasm invitations from a grade school girl to address her class and from the mayor to accept the keys to the city. "Giving Mariles the key to Harrisburg," said one National follower good-naturedly, accustomed to the general's particular brand of dash and ebullience, "could be a mistake."

•

A special "Big Jump" Sweepstake for $10,618.09, the most money ever offered for one class in an American horse show, was Harrisburg's unique event. Thirty-five of the best open jumpers were entered by amateurs and professionals to compete under International rather than American rules. Eighteen horses faced the 11 big obstacles without making a clean round. Then Mrs. Joseph R. Busk, a 24-year-old mother of four, rode Hans Tobeason's Tarnished Silver over the course for the first faultless trip. The performance brought a special satisfaction to Mrs. Busk, who had maintained, despite a lack of success in the past, that the horse could do it. Tobeason, who cares little for horse shows, was not present.

Then Charles Dennehey Jr., a former member of the U.S. Equestrian Team, equaled her performance on his veteran jumper, Altmeister, as did Jack Amon on Frank Imperatore's Royal Flight. The jump-off, with over $5,000 to go to the winner, was tense—and it was Dennehey's night. Not only did he win with Altmeister, but his Pill Box, tied for fourth, made a clean round on the jump-off along with four other horses. When the judges decided to draw straws rather than hold another jump-off, Dennehey pulled the right straw and with it almost $750 more in prize money. To Tarnished Silver (known at home as Sonny) went the red ribbon, over $2,000, and to his rider the proof that she was right. (END)



"Gawalla, my .300 Holland & Holland Magnum."

THIS SPORTING WORLD

THE SPORTING continent of Australia during these Olympic Games will harbor more than the nine million dead-game sports of whom William Worden wrote last week in these pages. For the athletes who come to Melbourne from all the corners of the world will also bring with them *some part of their own special world, the home country* which has sent them there. And though they may compete in events familiar to all—track and field, rowing, field hockey and all the rest—there will be some part, in all of them, of the many and varied sports they practice at home—sports which the visitor may never even have heard of. For as varied as the people of the world are, so varied are their sporting pastimes.

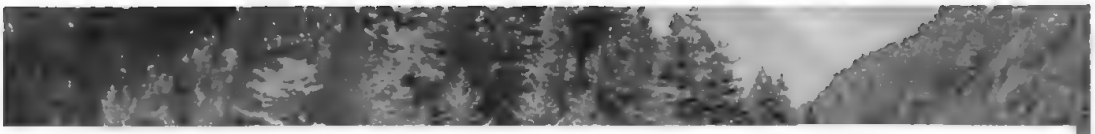
In Colombia there's a popular native game called *tejo*, which is roughly comparable to horseshoe pitching in that a four-inch iron disk is thrown at a pit of sand. The resemblance ends right there, explosively, because hidden in the pit is a dynamite cap, and if the throw is good the cap *goes off in a shower of sand. When the two players are out* in force, the atmosphere is positively insurrectional.

Colombia won't be sending a *tejo* team to Melbourne this month. Pakistan's tent peggers will be staying home, too, and so will Gaelic footballers, who would rather be caught dead than be *shonen*. Tent pegging is an ancient horseback sport which had its beginnings as a tactic of tribal warfare—lancers galloped into an enemy camp, uprooted the tent pegs and then proceeded to chop up their suffocating victims at leisure. To be *shonen* is, loosely, to ape the British, and the Irish decided that the safest way to avoid this was to invent a game *nobody* else played.

The game in which almost everybody else on earth does ape the British is, of course, association football—soccer. It is virtually a world sport. Of the 74 nations competing in the Olympics, no fewer than 35 consider it their leading game, and the clean whack of a goal-bound kick rises from literally hundreds of thousands of playing fields from Central and South America, to Europe and the Middle East, through the U.S.S.R. to Red China and into Southeast Asia. South Africa is a hold-out; it's better there to be a *scrum-battered Springbok, that is, a Rugby player on the* nation's leading team.

Soccer began in 12th century England when villagers





Whether it's a hill climb in the Tour de France (below) or a game of 'tejo' in Colombia, the sporting thrill belongs to every country this Olympic year. Here is an account of some national favorites

with as many as 500 on a side passed the afternoons by kicking a large ball from one end of town to the other. Today, in London alone there are 380 soccer fields, and the attendance last season at games played by teams of Great Britain's four major leagues was more than 34 million—more than twice as many as attended major league baseball games in the U.S. this year. Forty-one-year-old Stanley Matthews, who has a good head and a great pair of feet, is the idol of minor leaguers and schoolboys. The West German Soccer Association lists 1.7 million amateur players and, when their world champion professional team returned in triumph to Munich in 1954, the appreciative fans showered them with gifts worth about $15,000 per player. Fritz Walter, Germany's soccer hero, is also an author of some note, having published two runaway bestsellers on his tips on the game.

AN OLYMPIC FEATURE

Continuing the series begun last week, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents another of the feature presentations which will culminate next week in the Olympic Preview Issue. This special issue will present stars of all the competing nations—in color commissioned paintings, exciting reports and an exclusive forecast on the races and field contests by Roger Bannister.

In many places soccer attendance makes a full house at Yankee Stadium look as sparse as Ladies' Day. One hundred and twenty thousand people hollered "Go, Fritz, go!" at Leipzig recently, and at Maracana Stadium in Rio de Janeiro more than 200,000 fans scream happily for Waltz Foot and Big Head, players whose vertically varied talents lend surprise to the Brazilian attack.

The behavior of such mobs is often unpredictable. In Maracana, for example, there is a moat around the field to separate the players and referees from the spectators; stabbings are commonplace, and police are forever finding weapons concealed in lunchboxes and umbrellas. In the U.S.S.R. enthusiasts are jailed regularly for "hooliganism," a charge which in this connection usually means that the offender smashed a beer bottle over the head of the comrade sitting in front of him; but in Ethiopia, out

continued on next page



continued from page 55

of deference to the emperor, soccer riots don't start until Haile Selassie has left the park.

In Czechoslovakia, however, soccer manners are almost ladylike. The crowds watch play with a Forest Hillian raptness and silence and, before the game starts, in apologetic token of the violence to come, the players present each other little bouquets of flowers. When another Italian team lost to Rome recently, crestfallen rooters found mocking notices pinned to their front doors: "Yellow and red family of Roma announces the death of dear Sister Lazio who died today after a painful game. . . . We offer condolences."

Naturally enough, soccer is a big game for the bettors. More than $200 million was wagered in Great Britain last year, and the soccer tote is a major source of Italy's national income. There is a lively player market; an Argentine from Newell's Old Boys gets a cut of the purchase price when he is sold to River Plate, and Swedish youngsters dream of the day when they can grow up and, like Gunnar Nordahl, draw the excited bidding of rich Italian promoters.

Another generally popular worldwide sport which has had little recognition in the U.S. is cycling. Normal activity comes to a virtual standstill during the 2,800-mile Tour de France. Schools close down, and 12 million fans line the roads as the grimy "gods of the wheel" crank their way around the countryside. On the highest level, the sport is professional; but in France everybody cycles, and on weekends the highways are jammed with pedalers, spare tires circled around their chests, holding sprints and mending broken chains. In some South American countries the children are organized for tricycle racing, and in Belgium recently 75,000 mourners filed past the body of Cycling Hero Stan Ockers as he lay in state.

The American sports of baseball and basketball have surprising acceptance around the world. Played throughout the Middle East and central Europe, basketball got a boost in Hong Kong a few years ago when the Harlem Globetrotters paid a visit. Red China is reported to have several hook-shot artists over 6 feet 3 inches tall. The game is especially popular in the Philippines, where there is an outdoor court in every school and barrio. The best Philippine players, in spite of the handicap of their small stature, are fast playmakers and good shots, who placed third to the U.S. and Brazil in an international tournament in 1954.

The Japanese, as Don Newcombe knows, can pull the inside fast ball. In fact, players in the two top professional leagues can do everything pretty well, and last year 11.5 million fans turned out to watch them. There is even a league of professional girl ballplayers who fearlessly play the regulation game. The sport is well-organized at all levels; 600,000 people turn out for the annual junior high school tournament in Osaka. The Japanese attitude toward baseball, though, is undergoing some significant change. There was a time when a bad call, a muffed pop-up or a sharp grounder played off the skull drew nothing but polite gasps from the fans. Now, in spite of the fact that the players still line up, doff their caps and bow at each other before every game, the spectators have discovered the true appropriateness of vocal ebullience and downright derision, which add considerable color to their contests.

The Latins, naturally, lend splendid color to the sport. A home run in Caribbean baseball is likely to induce a salvo of rockets from the tops of buildings adjoining the park. If Gladys Gooding ever leaves her organ at Ebbets Field for a spot with Havana, she will have to learn mambo and the Cha Cha Cha.

Jumping up a hemisphere, the ice and snow sports are widely popular in Canada, Switzerland and northern Europe. The 61,000 members of the Ski-Association in Norway are all active competitors, and on a clear winter Sunday literally half the population of Oslo is out schussing down slopes around the city. A skating race card will draw as many as 30,000 spectators. In Canada children can begin playing organized hockey at the age of 8; there are 16,000 kids playing in the various leagues in Montreal alone. Professionals Jean Beliveau and Maurice Richard



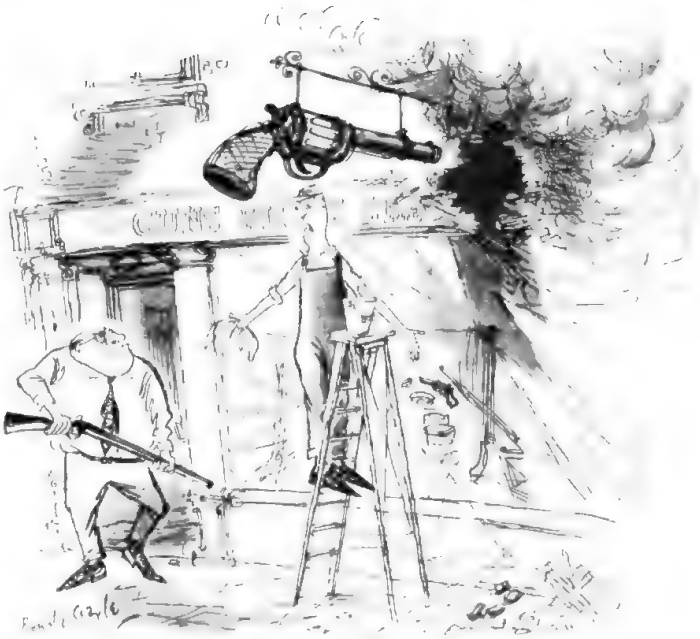
have the status of folk heroes and, when Richard was suspended last year for striking a referee, there were street riots bigger than any police disturbance in Canada since the conscription riots of World War I.

Both Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union play fierce, high-caliber hockey. When the Russians got beaten not long ago, the home team Czech fans boldly sent the losers off the rink with Lenin's theme of "Learn, learn, learn" ringing to the rafters.

Though on that particular day the Russians might have needed a little polish on their hockey, there's no doubt that they are generally the most doggedly learning sports nation in the world. There are 156 schools in Russia for the training of coaches and athletic directors; the chairman of the All Union Committee for Physical Culture and Sport has the equivalent of cabinet rank. Seventeen million participated in eliminations for the pre-Olympic Spartakiada at which 9,000 winners tried for places on the team going to Melbourne. In 1955, 2½ million schoolaged children were presented awards called "Ready for Labor and Defense"; to qualify for these the children had to pass a series of strict general fitness tests in everything from swimming to skiing to first aid.

The Finns approach the Russians in their almost devotional mass participation in sports. There are literally 700,000 sporting clubs in Finland, the equivalent of one for about every six citizens. Partly because of the lasting merit of Paavo Nurmi, track and field have enormous popularity; it has been said that the track suit is a second national costume. On the weekends just about everybody with enough breath to get out of bed runs; the air is filled with discuses; a careless straphanger in Helsinki is likely to get a javelin between the shoulder blades. In 1941 Finland challenged Sweden to a walking race. The rules were simple: adult males had to cover 15 kilometers in two hours and 20 minutes, women and children had to walk 10 kilometers in one hour and 40 minutes. Forty percent of the population—1,510,000 Finns—covered the course in the specified time; the oldest competitor was 94, and he had to bring a considerable distance to the starting line.

This business of international competition for everybody, with Sweden again the victim, cropped up in a mass swimming match with Iceland. Using the orthodox breaststroke, 25% of all Icelanders swam the required 200 meters. The Swedes, with a paltry 2%, barely got wet. Aquatic fitness is compulsory in Iceland; every school child, every member of the fishing fleet or merchant marine must be a qualified swimmer. Because the waters around Iceland are about the temperature of a good martini, the swimming is confined to pools, most of which are warmed by natural hot springs, electricity or hot water from radiator motors in fish freezing plants.



"Honestly, Bud, I didn't know it was loaded."

Much to the good fortune of world-traveling U.S. horse players, the ponies run in just about every place big enough to display a tote board. Introduced to England during the time of the Roman conquest, the sport of horse racing gained royal prestige through the reign of Charles II, and today the addiction is such that four million Britons bet one billion dollars a year at legalized gambling offices on the undulating, sometimes overdriven English tracks. Venezuelans wager two million bolivars a week at the big Caracas meeting. But certain rural areas support variations on the races which might confuse American bettors. In New Zealand, for example, as well as in France and a few other places, the horses run the wrong way around.

The popularity of golf and tennis is geographically widespread, but in most countries these sports are confined to the better-heeled. The same is true of small-boat sailing at which Bermudians and Bahamians are especially expert. Hunting is enjoyed by just about everyone from Bedouin tribesmen to Irish gentlemen, the game fishing is good off the coast of Chile and, for the fisherman who doesn't care, porgies are plentiful in the Aegean. Because every able-bodied Swiss male must have a rifle, target shooting is an important pastime there, as it is in Yugoslavia and Red China. Throughout Europe, particularly in Italy where the Argentine Driver Juan Fangio is revered, automobile road racing is widely followed. The Turks are excellent wrestlers, the Filipinos good boxers. Bullfighting, surprisingly enough, while immensely popular in Mexico, is on the decline in Spain, principally because of Franco's open disapproval.

No report on world sports would be complete without mentioning cricket, that unfathomable game at which batting prowess can lead to knighthood. In England and all throughout the sphere of Empire influence the sport enjoys tremendous prestige and, although relatively few people play it, every Englishman follows it. Somewhere in the world, right this very minute, a beleaguered British batsman stands vigilant at a wicket, and it's entirely possible that, cross or double cross, he'll still be there tomorrow. END

MOTOR SPORTS by KENNETH RUDEEN

At Palm Springs, bobtailed Coopers, high-tailing Ferraris and red-hot driving finished the season in a

CALIFORNIA FINALE

SPORTS CAR RACING in California is fostered by an army of articulate, fiercely proud enthusiasts who claim the keenest and most frequent competition in the U.S. There is a good deal of rivalry between the coastal drivers and their counterparts elsewhere (the outlanders, as some Californians put it), and points were scored on both sides at Palm Springs last Sunday in the last National Sports Car Club of America race meeting of the year.

It was to be one of the finest events of the season, and it was expected that the fabulous racing stable of California's John Edgar, a cotton and cattle man of means, would chalk up the most points. Edgar brought along six potent machines—two Ferraris, two Porsche Spyders (one the new RS model which placed fifth in the 24-hour race at Le Mans), a Mercedes-Benz 300SL and an Alfa Romeo Giulietta Veloce. Into them he put some of the most talented drivers at large, including the colorful and virtually unbeaten Texan, Carroll Shelby, who had blitzed the opposition in the year's feature races, and Paul O'Shea, the steady New Yorker who had unofficially clinched another SCCA point championship.

Richard Morse started the action with a smooth victory in a Giulietta Spyder in a 10-lap race for small production cars. Mrs. Marion Lowe, driving a Frazer-Nash, was just as effective in the seven-lap ladies race. A third Californian, Bob Oker, dueled aggressively with E. Forbes Robinson and managed to squeeze his AC Bristol in ahead of the opposing Austin-Healey in a 15-lap sprint for middle-sized production cars, as the racing and the sun began to warm up.

After an interlude in which a band of old racing cars chugged around the course, a California deep sea diver named Bob Drake, who drives the way Jackie Robinson runs the base paths, gave the John Edgar people their first jolt. This was a race among 30 modified cars of less than 1,500 cubic centimeters displacement. Edgar had Seattle's Pete Lovely in the Le Mans Porsche, Big Jack McAfee, a veteran campaigner, in the other Porsche Spyder and Skip Hudson in the sleek Giulietta Veloce. Drake, whose bobtailed Cooper had been slightly quicker than the Le Mans Porsche in Saturday's trials, trailed Lovely's car closely for eight laps.

Behind them Johnny Kunstle and Richie Ginther, both in Porsche Spyders, were in a stirring scramble for third place. When Drake came in after eight laps with a broken plug connection Lovely seemed safe, with the real battle between his harriers.

Not so, though. For Drake, who had lost 30 precious seconds and six places in stopping, came back with a fierceness that was electrifying. On the 20th lap Kunstle dropped out after losing third gear and Drake whooshed into second. Drifting the tight corners with daring ease, Drake skylarked on and on and nailed Lovely in the backstretch on the 29th lap. Lovely could get no more from his mount and finished the 35-lap race about four seconds behind the high-flying diver, who averaged 76.6 mph.

In contrast with Drake's directness, Dick Thompson was subtle in his pursuit of the laurels in a 10-lap event for the larger production cars—Corvettes, 300SLs and Jaguars. Edgar suffered another setback when Paul O'Shea, driving his 300SL, had to retire with a broken oil line before the race was half over, winding up a brilliant season in the pits. But the scrap between Thompson's Corvette and the 300SL of Jack Bates needed no hopping up.

Thompson, the Washington, D.C. dentist who has been the leading Corvette exponent, played a waiting game. Nicely placed all the way, he sliced ahead in a corner on the last lap, stayed there during a bit of bumping between the two near the end and won by a split second, averaging 72.0 mph. Thompson, by the way, will introduce the new fuel-injection Corvette next month in the Nassau Races.

The last race of the day, and the season, had been awaited with special anticipation—35 laps for the largest and fastest cars. Here were: Carroll Shelby in Edgar's 4.9-liter Ferrari; Phil Hill, the pride of California, a successful interloper on the tough European circuit this year, driving the 3.5-liter Ferrari entered by George Tilp of New Jersey; Bill Murphy and his Kurtis roadster with the big fuel-injection Buick engine which had been a California sensation; and Jack McAfee driving another Edgar hope, a 3.5 Ferrari which had not been as fast as the Shelby choice in trials.

The fact that Shelby led from start to finish in a superb demonstration of his customary finesse was not surprising. What kept the spectators abuzz was the tenacity with which Hill dogged the Texan. Conceding too much power



"She was owned by an elderly lady who never went over five knots."

THE RESULTS

FIRST RACE (production cars under 1,300 cc.): 1. Richard Morse, Alfa Romeo Giulietta, 10 laps, 64.4 mph; 2. Walter Garlic's, Giulietta; 3. Leon Miller, Giulietta.

SECOND RACE (ladies' race): 1. Marion Lowe, Frazer-Nash, 7 laps, 65.4 mph; 2. Mary Davis, Porsche Speedster; 3. Ruth Levy, Porsche Speedster.

THIRD RACE (production cars of 1,300 to 3,000 cc. except Mercedes 300SLs): 1. Bob Oker, AC Bristol, 15 laps, 70.8 mph. 2. E. Forbes Robinson, Austin-Healey; 3. Donald Dickey, Porsche Carrera.

FOURTH RACE (veteran cars): 1. Duane Alan, Buick, 3 laps, 46 mph.

FIFTH RACE (modified cars under 1,500 cc.): 1. Bob Drake, Cooper, 35 laps, 76.6 mph; 2. Peter Lovely, Porsche Spyder RS; 3. Richie Ginther, Porsche Spyder.

SIXTH RACE (production cars over 3,000 cc. plus Mercedes 300SLs): 1. Richard Thompson, Corvette, 10 laps, 72.0 mph; 2. Jack Bates, 300SL; 3. Rudy Cleye, 300SL.

SEVENTH RACE (modified cars over 1,500 cc.): 1. Carroll Shelby, 4.9-liter Ferrari; 35 laps, 78.55 mph; 2. Phil Hill, 3.5-liter Ferrari; 3. Harold Erb, D Jaguar.

to make a battle of it on the straights, Hill gained ground with the more maneuverable 3.5 in turns. And so they went, in tandem, as Murphy lost way and finally retired without brakes, as McAfee made no threat.

Brilliant sunshine faded to sudden shadow as the desert sun dropped behind the mountains, and still Hill pursued, even pulling abreast of Shelby at times.

It was Shelby by two car lengths at the finish—average speed 78.55 mph. For the Texan there was champagne (California, naturally) and for Hill the consolation of having won the Palm Springs Concours d'Elegance with his surgically clean, stately 1931 Pierce Arrow.

Shelby wasn't sentimental about the car, although Edgar might well have been. "That old hog is hard to handle in the turns," said Shelby. He made it look easy. (END)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MELK

LEGENDARY LOULA

Loula Long Combs, grand lady of the horse shows, has known few peers in her 62 years as a horsewoman and a trainer of Hackneys

IN THE rarefied air of horse show circles, where the occupants of the boxes are as carefully groomed as those in the stalls, the undisputed queen for three-score years has been Loula Long Combs, the fashionably dressed and serenely confident woman of 75 shown on the opposite page sitting in a hackney. The Combs name first appeared as a winner in the American Horse Show blue book in 1902, but that was in the saddle horse class. For the last two decades Loula Combs has concentrated on hackneys and Hackney ponies. She now owns imposing numbers of both. She owns an imposing number of championships too. She took her first National blue ribbon back in 1913 and won at least one through 1952. Two weeks ago a serious illness kept her out of the American Royal Horse Show for the second time in 62 years, but even so her Hackney horses and ponies won four blue ribbons and a passel of seconds, thirds and fourths.

Health, or no, Mrs. Combs is determined to be back in the ring at the Chicago International this month, the last big show of the season. There, the woman who has become a living legend in the horse show world will drive smartly around the ring in her impeccable red-wheeled phaeton, her superb horses stepping in perfect rhythm, a brace of Boston bull terriers at her side and a maroon-liveried footman sitting stiffly behind her. It will be a stunning performance, and the spectators will love it. They always have.

Loula Long Combs fell in love with her first horse at the age of 2. Her mother and her sister Sallie America could take horses or, preferably, leave them alone, but Loula and her father, the late Robert Alexander Long, who made a fortune in lumber, were incurable devotees.

When Loula Long married at 36, it was on the condition that she continue to live at home and raise horses. Her husband, Robert Pryor Combs, agreed and, as Mrs. Combs noted once in her diary, "always maintained his sense of humor even when referred to as 'Mr. Loula Long Combs.'" Home was a 97-room house in Kansas City. The Longs owned a string of the most beautiful show horses in the country which Mrs. Combs showed all week except on Sundays when the family gathered around one of the three golden organs while Combs played hymns at her father's request. In recent years Combs has been bedridden with Parkinson's disease, but he has continued to encourage his wife to enter shows.

After her father's death, the house was left to Kansas City for a museum, and Mrs. Combs has never been back to it since. Today her base of operations is a magnificent 2,000-acre estate called Longview Farms, 25 miles outside of the city. She breakfasts at 6:45 with the dogs (eggs, tea with lemon for her; milk and graham crackers for the dogs). Then at 8:30 she heads down to her two vast stables, one for harness, the other for saddle horses) where she spends the morning looking after her horses, training them and sometimes pampering them outrageously.

After lunch with her husband on the sun porch, Mrs. Combs walks around Longview for an hour, keeping a managerial eye on the 250 acres of beautifully clipped lawns, the extensive flower beds and four greenhouses from which fresh carnations and gardenias are shipped daily, thus helping out with the heavy taxes on the place.

The heart of Longview is the tack room, an immaculate sanctuary where gleaming harness hang astride polished brass brackets, and row upon row of blue ribbons are reflected in shelves of silver cups and trays. There are also a carriage room that still houses a dozen rigs, a blacksmith and carpenter shops, an indoor driving arena, a half-mile track, a clubhouse that seats 1,000, an extensive dairy farm and 42 modern buildings that house the families who work on the estate.

The mistress of Longview has strong and compassionate opinions on horses. Good Hackneys, which occasionally bring $25,000, are simply retired when they reach their peak. "A horse," she says, "who is used to blue ribbons gets morose when reduced to taking a red. I can't do it to him." When Hackneys die, they are buried in Longview's private horse cemetery overlooking the wide prairie. The only exception is Revelation, Loula's greatest horse, who is buried in front of the harness stable underneath a granite monument embedded with a relief of himself.

Loula Long Combs regards herself today as the last in a grand succession of those who truly enjoyed "the greatest of all sports." Among her eminent predecessors were Alice Dodsworth and Isabelle Wanamaker. Women today, she believes, are so used to superficialities that they have forgotten how to be honest, and this has affected their horsemanship. "I have seen beautiful women with beautiful horses fail to win," she said recently, "because they thought more of personal applause than they did of their horses. After 60 years I *still* get nervous each time I enter a ring. I still catch my breath at the sight of a blue coming toward me, and I suspect I will for the next 25, God willing."

—HELEN MARKEL





THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

COUNTRY CLUB IN HAWAII

by HORACE SUTTON

At Honolulu's Outrigger Club, in the land of the lomi-lomi, it's a short ride to the clubhouse on board a Pacific roller



THE SPORTIVE MALE whom a dispassionate destiny might have required to work for a living would very likely, if he lived in Honolulu, work "plantation hours" and belong to the Outrigger Canoe Club, seen above from the Waikiki surf under a canopy of clouds wind-driven over the Koolau mountains. In the office at 7:30 or 8 in the morning, he would quit at 4 or 4:30 and, coursing over to the club's digs, which nestle by the shore, remove his surfboard from its tall locker, paddle out to the breakers and spend what elsewhere might be teatime riding the rollers as they rise out of the Pacific and head for the beach.

If, before heading home, he stopped for one with the boys, it would be on the second deck of the long, white-capped clubhouse where, in the orange and indigo hour of dusk, he could look out of an immense picture window to Diamond Head, to the emptying beach that stretches almost as far as man can see, to the skittering myna birds,

continued on next page



SOCIAL SUNBATHING on the greensward is happy by-product for grandstanders who watch the endless games on the volleyball courts. Loungers in the rear hold boards of members who enjoy surfing after day's work.

VOLLEYBALL is club's biggest land sport. In early afternoon young fans play fast doubles. More sedate hands who leave their offices about 4:30 play four to six on a side. Most airlines keep crew memberships.



OUTRIGGER CLUB

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to the planes with their pulsating lights winging in from the distant mainland, and, down below to the sea where the Hawaiian kings, and they alone, first practiced the sport which he had just finished.

When the morning sun comes up hot and strong over Waikiki, the shore line in front of the Outrigger Club, sandwiched in between the largest beach-front hotels, becomes a seaside circus of aquatic acrobatics. Outrigger canoes loaded with white-skinned tourists ride seaward, piloted in the stern by a burnished descendant of the first Polynesians, who made their way up from the South Seas in similar craft.

Out where the breakers stand up to their full height before tumbling headlong for the shore, the canoe makes its turn. The paddles chop at the water to build a little momentum, then the hull begins to roll, wind riffles the hair and salt spray flicks the face. Running next to the gunwales, like small boys skating alongside a Cadillac, are the surfers. They have steered their boards out to the breakers, paddling with their hands or sometimes holding bits of cloth and board overhead and begging for the wind to carry them like sailboats as far as the turn-around point. Out they ride, far out to the surf lines—Zero Break, First Break, Blow Hole and Cornucopia—trying to catch the curling crest, then speed back to shore at anywhere from 10 to 35 miles an hour.

Farther out in the blue, not dependent on the waves but on the wind, are the twin-hulled catamarans which sail from the club's sandy port. Meanwhile, back on the beach, the Outrigger's sunbathers sit on an elevated dais of sand, having been assigned their places by "Sally" Hale who is captain of the Outrigger's beachboys and also a seaside usher. "Sorry," he will tell a matron who is calling from the windward side of the island, where it is raining, "the sun is shining here and the front row's all taken."

Off in a corner the muscle-weary submit to the lomi-lomi which is the name for a special Hawaiian massage employing both the elbows and the feet. "You gotta know how to walk on 'em," says one masseur of his down-trodden customers. Lomi-lomi, which is also the name of a salmon that is pulled apart with the fingers, is a derivation of the old Hawaiian massage which was done with the hands, the feet and a stick. Do-it-yourself lomi-lomi can be accomplished with a wooden wishbone made of guava wood.

Come noon and the businessmen filter in for a swim and a light lunch on the shaded *lanai* covered by the trained branches of an ancient hau tree that dates from the club's beginnings nearly 50 years ago. By 3:30 the volleyball crowd begins to gather, the younger members playing doubles, which calls for two on a side, considerable strategy and lots of wind. The big game, on the adjoining court, has four to six on a side, draws an older set, has more social aspects. On weekends and holidays the grass plot beside the courts is a gathering place for young beauties and matrons watching the young athletes cavort.

Behind the spectators is the great wall of racks where the surfers keep their boards. Every surfer is a water engineer, and collectively they talk a strange language of swoop (curve), skage (keel) and other esoterica. The first boards used by the Hawaiian kings were 25 feet long, made of hard koa wood and weighed 250 pounds. In the '20s surfers began to use redwood, then sugar pine and cedar. The boards ran some 20 feet long and weighed 100 to 125 pounds. The first balsa boards appeared in the early '30s, about the time that Duke Kahanamoku, Hawaii's famed swimmer who won gold medals in the 1912 and 1920 Olympics, produced a board that was partly hollow but shaped like those of the old Hawaiian kings. Duke was not only an advanced practitioner of the surfboard and a swimmer of international fame, but he became, as well, a stalwart on the club's canoe paddling teams. The Outrigger Club still fields a dozen crews in a variety of classes. The year's biggest race is held on the Molokai channel across 26 miles of sea so choppy that the paddlers wear rubber aprons to avoid having to bail.

Surfboard riding and the outrigger canoe were brought back to Hawaii by Alexander Hume Ford who was not a Hawaiian at all but a *haole*, or white person from the mainland. Presenting himself before Queen Liliuokalani, who had been last reigning queen of the Hawaiian Islands, he told her of his plan to popularize the water sports of old Hawaii and especially to teach them to the children of the *manka*, the people who lived in the hills and had no seaside of their own. From her estate the Queen granted him a choice tract on Waikiki at what was reputed to be a 50-year lease at $50 a year. From businessmen Ford cadged enough

continued on next page



READYING THE BOARDS, ... bers prepare for a afternoon of speedy rides.



CATCHING THE CREST, ... riders are off and away, ... ing on boards ... they go.

KING OF THE SURF, Duke Kahana ... shows the present ... of it at Honolulu.



OUTRIGGER CLUB

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funds to build a grass shack for a locker room and an open pipe shower with a coconut thatch shower curtain. He provided Japanese charcoal stoves so families could stay on the beach all day with their youngsters. That was the Outrigger Club when it was founded in 1908.

Two years ago the Queen's Hospital Lands, which comprises the Queen Emma Estate, was leased for 55 years by Paul Truesdale, a California subdivider, and his partner, Clint Murchison Jr. Truesdale and Murchison are developing hotels and apartment houses, but they have no outlet on the sea unless they dispossess the Outrigger Club. This spring the club agreed to move to the former site of the Elks Club, but their present lease still has seven years to go on the site where Ford founded it.

Although Ford's club was for the *malihini* it was restricted to *haoles*. He thought there would be less friction if they did not mix the races. He urged the Hawaiians to start a club of their own. They organized the Hui Nalu Club and, with an old hau tree for a clubhouse, they began to compete against the Outrigger. The Hui Nalu's best swimmer was Duke Kahanamoku, and he is a Hawaiian. When Duke broke the Olympic world's record for the 100 meters at Stockholm in 1912 and his own record at Antwerp in 1920, the way was made easier for Hawaiians to become part of the Outrigger Club. Duke, now an honored member, has his portrait on velvet in the lounge, but the club still excludes Orientals.

As it turned out it is the Hawaiians themselves who are perpetuating the sport of Hawaiian kings. For years they have taught surf riding, handled the canoes and the catamarans, refreshed the tired city muscles of the malihinis with the lomi lomi and in their spare time sat around the beach and strummed the ukulele. With names like Rabbit, Ducky, Panama, Steamboat and Steamboat Jr., they are a colorful, musical and attractive lot who have from time to time been bundled off en masse by movie people for a lark in California and even taken aboard yachts for a sail to the South Seas. A good lomi-lomi rubber once beat his way, so to speak, around the world by agreeing to accompany a globe girdling lomi lomi devotee who wanted daily massages. Charlie Lambert, who is three-eighths Hawaiian and handsome enough for Hollywood, is the beachboy in charge of stars who would take to the surfs. Charlie, who says the balance is in the hips and not the shoulders, has instructed Ava Gardner ("very well coordinated"), Leslie Caron ("very excited") and Terry Moore ("a natural athlete").

After the Massie case in the '30s, involving a naval officer's wife, the killing of a Hawaiian and a sensational trial in which Clarence Darrow was defense counsel, the beachboys were organized into a strict corps known as the Waikiki Beach Patrol, under the command of Bill Mullahey, now Pan American Airway's regional director in Hawaii. Mullahey had just graduated from Columbia and had worked summers as captain of the 125 lifeguards at Jones Beach. There was, as Sally Hale, who took over from Mullahey in 1936, recalls, no *commercialism* nor nonsense. All the old equipment on the beach was bought up, beach sharks were kept away from visitors and boards, boats and boys were all for hire solely from the Outrigger.

Lately the Reef, a new 350-room hotel, has installed its own equipment, and Henry Kaiser who has built a kaiser-sized resort near Waikiki has floated a flotilla of his own outriggers painted shocking pink. The "cats" are being rigged with plastic canvas; surfers are showing up with fiber glass boards. Sally Hale looks at all this and says, with a troubled note, "The tourist doesn't care if the canoe is real Hawaiian koa or pink plastic."

Still, the progress hasn't altered the spirit or the sentimentality of Ducky, Panama, Rabbit, Steamboat and all the rest. When one of the beachboys dies the boys take their canoes, paddle out to First Break with flowers and ashes and strew them in the sea. "Every Christmas morning," Sally Hale recalls, "before we have a big party, we take a bunch of flowers and paddle out there and say hello to the boys. That's where I want to go when I'm through, here. I'll tell you something funny. Take somebody that has spent their early childhood on this beach and water, they get all later on they come here. And this water, this beach, has curative and healing powers."

That same afternoon, in the fading light, I watched Duke Kahanamoku, now a graying 64, walk slowly into the sea, and when it was up to his knees he took an easy porpoise jump into the Pacific. When he came up he slapped the water with his palms until it splashed his face. Then he flung back his gray mane and launched himself into the easygoing stroke that had beaten them all at Stockholm and Antwerp. As he came up for air the brown face glinted in the final sunlight. Far above, the same rays caught an evening plane coming in from California and turned it orange. Upstairs in the Outrigger Club, the cocktail crowd was gazing out the immense window. Duke was almost alone in the sea except for the last canoes coming in now and, far, far out, a pair of surf riders waiting for the very last wave. END



"Only a short locomotive?"

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

In a California deer hunt anything goes, but anything doesn't if the quarry is bear. A goose is cooked in Nebraska, the whooper is debated in Washington, in Oregon it rains elk

TRIGGER-HAPPY

CALIFORNIA CAPPED its regular deer season with a special three day inland hunt last week in which any deer was fair game—fawns and does as well as bucks. Like those in many other states, California's deer herd had outgrown its winter range. The solution was an increased deer harvest to bring the herd into balance and thus prevent the loss of thousands of animals by starvation.

Although game management officials were correct in their belief that the herd was ready for an "any sex" hunt, by last weekend it was clear that Californians were not. Some 400,000 people rushed to buy tags (at $1 each), and many of them apparently believed that the licenses entitled them to shoot not only "any sex" but anything or anybody. "It was," said James S. Eddy, Assistant U.S. District Attorney in Sacramento and a once-wounded former infantry captain, "like being in no man's land with the enemy in all directions."

Items:

Marlin H. Murchie of Martinez strode across an open patch of foot-high sagebrush and was shot dead by his companions who shouted, "There goes a bear."

Farmer Floyd Murray of Macdoel was shot for a deer as he dug potatoes in his field.

Mrs. Robert Daley of Hurleton begged three hunters not to kill her pet deer. The men killed it anyway and carted it off.

A hunter near Redding displayed more gallantry: he shot a pet fawn, then offered it to its owner. "You might as well have shot one of my children," she replied.

Four juvenile hunters were arrested for shooting Roy Ramsey's pigs near Chico.

Despite scores of arrests made for trespassing, shooting from cars and plain assault on landowners who tried to prohibit hunting, the California Fish and Game Department declared that any-sex hunting was here to stay. The herd had indeed been brought into balance. Whether this immediate gain would be canceled out by public revulsion against the human debacle was a problem the commission would have to face next year.

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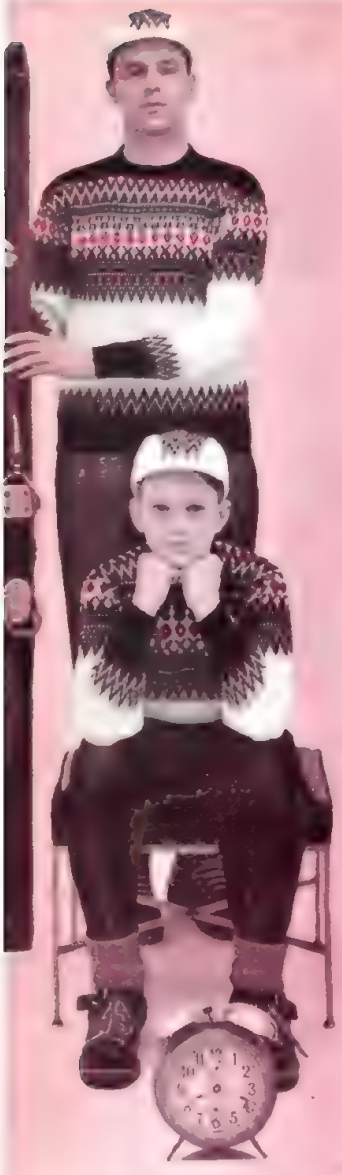
A BOWED BUFFER

Joe Fries *(above)*, national archery champion, killed this 1,200-pound bull buffalo with one arrow as it lumbered by at a 35-yard range. The Wyoming Travel Commission had invited Fries to puncture the buffer for a filmed television program, but until he made his exceptional shot the commission admits that it wondered if the kill would take more arrows than TV could bear. Champion Fries dispelled all lingering doubt.

A GOOD YEAR FOR UPLAND GAME BIRDS

LAST WEEK SPORTS ILLUSTRATED asked its field correspondents for up-to-the-minute reports on upland game bird conditions in their respective states. Almost all were glowing and optimistic. Herewith the details:

New Jersey: Pheasant are more plentiful than last year, especially in Hunterdon, Somerset, Warren, Morris, and Monmouth counties with excellent reports of carryover stock. Quail shooting also excellent in southern counties. Grouse about the same as last season in northwest section of the state. Best woodcock areas seem to be along Delaware River, especially in Sussex and Warren counties, but if you hit it right Cape May County can also be topnotch. **Maryland:** The general outlook is for a very fine season from Nov. 15 to Dec. 31. Pheasants are abundant along the Pennsylvania-Maryland line, in Cecil, Harford, Frederick, Baltimore and Washington counties. The quail population has increased in most southeastern and southwestern counties, particularly along the Eastern Shore. The grouse cycle seems to be on the upswing in hilly regions. **West Virginia:** Grouse open until Jan. 5, with a definite indication of more birds than usual. National forests are the most likely spots, and Pendleton County generally regarded as the best. Quail opens Nov. 12 and runs through Jan. 7, with good prospects in the agricultural areas. **Georgia:** Quail populations are by and large up for the season opener on Nov. 20. The most productive hunting will be found in the southeast areas but hilly regions also report excellent coveys. **Missouri:** The season opens Nov. 10 and runs through December. The preseason forecast by state officials is extremely optimistic, the bag limit has been increased from six to eight birds and 3 million are expected to be harvested. Unusually dry weather, however, will make more difficult hunting. An interesting sidelight finds hunters who sold their dogs for ridiculously low prices during a poor quail season two years ago now trying to buy them back at ridiculously high prices in the face of a statewide bird-dog shortage. **Illinois:** Pheasant opens Nov. 11 and the season extends to the end of month. The bird populations generally up and particularly good conditions forecast for Livingston, Ford, and eastern McLean counties. Quail opens Nov. 19 for a month, and this population is also up, with excellent concentrations in the southern third of the state, including counties which border the Mississippi River. **New Mexico:** The quail is reported well up over last year, although hunting will be spotty in the central part of state. Eastern areas along the Texas border will give the best shooting, and areas around Clayton, Tucumcari, Roswell and Hobbs should produce 10-bird limits. The New Mexico quail season opens Nov. 24 and ends Dec. 31. **Texas:** Dove season is open to mid-December in the southern zone of the state, and birds seem to be superabundant. Drought, however, is posing curious hazards of its own. Recently a hunter dropped a dove into a patch of irrigated cotton field, bent over to retrieve it, and was bitten by a rattlesnake. Rattlers, it seems, seek out the moist cotton patches, which today are about the only moist patches in Texas. Incidentally, the gunner recovered. **Washington:** Pheasant is legal until Nov. 18 and with a normal population 300,000 birds are expected to be harvested. Quail, Hungarian partridge and chukar are also in their customarily good supply, and many eastern counties are open until Dec. 9. Better areas for these birds include the Columbia River Basin, the Yakima area, and the wheatlands of the Palouse. Everyone seems to be pleased with the present season, except one dog owner whose champion German short hair staunchly pointed an anthill and refused to budge until said owner kicked the anthill apart and proved there was no bird therein.



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Robert Bruce
KNITWEAR FOR MEN, BOYS AND JUNIORS

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

continued from page 67

TROPHY-HAPPY

IN THIS DAY of high-powered rifles and ballistic efficiency, the big-game hunter is seldom injured except by other big game hunters. It is a sobering rarity when an animal itself turns the tables but it has happened twice this year, and in both instances experienced hunters were the victims.

Just a fortnight ago in Montana's Bob Marshall Wilderness Area, Ken Scott, only 29 but a practiced woodsman, and Vivian Squires, a hunter of somewhat rusty experience, were rushed by a grizzly. Squires was bowled over and bitten in the foot. Ken Scott shot the bear twice with a 30-06, wounded it, but did not down it. The grizzly retreated, leaving a trail of blood. Eager for the trophy, the men tracked the bear into a jack pine thicket—a maneuver risky on several counts. A wounded grizzly in dense cover is an animal of legendary mahcousness. One of the two hunters was of admitted inexperience and Scott, left-handed, was using a rifle with right-hand bolt action. Both hunters opened fire, and the 700-pound bear charged. Scott's rifle jammed and, before Squires could bring help, he was mauled to death.

On April 16 of this year near Anchorage, Alaska, Lloyd Pennington, a professional guide, and Everett Kendall, a barber, prodded at a denned-up bear with sticks. It is an old, ill-advised stunt designed to bring a foggy, bewildered, hibernating bear out where it can be easily shot. This bear charged forth anything but sleepy. Pennington was killed before he could shoot. Kendall's rifle was found empty but Kendall also was dead.

Bears are not the only animals to take advantage of human imprudence. In 1951 young Billy Reed of Grangeville, Idaho, bent over to cut a presumably dead elk's throat when it lashed out, driving the knife into Reed's leg. In 1953 Keith Burns, a 67-year-old packer of Twin Springs, Idaho, was guiding a four-man hunting party into the Sheep Creek country. In the process of navigating a steep switchback, one hunter tired at a bull elk. The bullet glanced off the base of the bull's rack. It charged, knocked Burns from his horse, gored two pack mules, left Burns with a broken arm and several broken ribs.

Encounters such as these are a matter of record in every hunting area.



A BOG TROTTER

Howard Clark (above), of Soda Springs, Idaho, is fooling swamp secure hunters with a pair of home-built "bog shoes." The shoes are canvas-covered wooden frames about six feet long. Skim Clark over the swamps of territory and back with his once-unreachable goose limit.

Veteran hunters who think "this couldn't happen to me" will do well to remember Ken Scott, Lloyd Pennington and Everett Kendall.

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A GOOSE IS COOKED

IN WAHOO, Nebraska last week a blue goose flew over the home of William Behrens, a telephone company employee. Mrs. Behrens saw the bird, let out a goose call and summoned it back. Behrens took over the call and kept the goose circling, enthralled, while Mrs. Behrens went for his shotgun. Mindful of a Wahoo ordinance that prohibits goose hunting inside the city limits, Behrens then got into his car and honking out the window, lured the goose eight blocks to the border, shot it and drove home for dinner.

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Whooping cranes seem to be more again last week and John O'Reilly sent this report from Washington:

CRANE CONCLAVE

THE REMAINING wild whooping cranes are now migrating from their nesting grounds in northern Canada to the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge on the Texas coast amid the greatest official concern ever shown over their

fate. As the great birds winged southward, John L. Farley, director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, last week invited two score wildlife experts and conservationists from both the U.S. and Canada to a Washington whooping crane conference.

Among them were W. Winston Mair, chief of the Canadian Wildlife Service, and a number of his assistants, Mr. Farley and a group of his men, the heads of numerous conservation organizations, George Dougrass, director of the New Orleans Zoo, who has two captive whoopers, and Fred Stark, director of the San Antonio Zoo, who has the only other captive. All three of these birds have been reported flightless through injuries.

Suggestions for perpetuating this gravely endangered species covered a wide range of ideas. At one extreme it was suggested that some of the young cranes be captured, possibly two pairs, and attempts be made to propagate them in captivity. It also was suggested that eggs might be taken and hatched under other species of cranes.

John J. Lynch, biologist of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, who advanced the scheme for captive propagation, was opposed by a group, including John H. Baker, president of the National Audubon Society, who held that nothing should be done to disturb the wild flock. They felt that capturing any cranes would only endanger the whoopers as a wild species.

The conference reached no mandatory decision, agreed instead on appointment of an international committee composed of one representative of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, one Canadian Wildlife Service member and three other experts to explore the whooping crane problem. Farley said no moves to capture any of the cranes would be taken before the formation of the committee.

As their fate was being discussed the wild whoopers were arriving on the Texas coast singly and in family groups. Last year 28 cranes, including eight young, returned from the north. As of November 4, 17 cranes, including one young of this year, were back on the Aransas Refuge.

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ELK FROM HEAVEN

DURING THE current hunting season Oregon is the only state to report acrophobic elk. Last week in Clatsop County, Dale Overholser from the Dalles area and his two teen-aged sons

continued on next page

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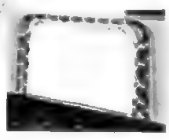
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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

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spotted three elk at the top of a cliff. They enthusiastically began to climb upward when suddenly a 900-pound cow toppled off the cliff and missed the hunters by a slim six feet. Man and boys took cover. Another elk came hurtling down. The third animal disappeared, and when the Overholsers climbed down they found one of the suicides was a cow—illegal in Oregon—and the second animal was too young. Game wardens took both.

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FROM THE FLYWAYS



GDW—good duck weather; **BW**—bluebird weather; **S**—snow; **R**—rain; **F**—freeze-up; **T**—temperature; **SF**—spotty flight; **FF**—fair flight; **GF**—good flight; **EF**—excellent flight; **PG**—poor gunning; **FG**—fair gunning; **GG**—good gunning; **EG**—excellent gunning; **OP**—outlook poor; **OF**—outlook fair; **OG**—outlook good; **OVG**—outlook very good; **SO**—season opens (or opened); **SC**—season closes (or closed)

•

WASHINGTON: [illegible] **OG** [illegible] **GDW** [illegible] **mallards** [illegible] **pintails** [illegible] **EG** [illegible] **Snow geese** [illegible] **OVG** [illegible] cornfields in Yakima Valley, and foggy morn[illegible] **EG. Honker** [illegible] Herb Schold of 122 West Heron St. in Aberdeen [illegible] in dunes and in half hour had limit of geese but [illegible]

OREGON: [illegible] **EG** [illegible] **mallards** [illegible] **EF** of **honkers** [illegible] **OVG** [illegible] **EG** [illegible] **snow geese, pintails, widgeons, mallards** and a few **teals. EF** of **white-fronted geese** [illegible] **OF** [illegible] **FG** and **SF.**

CALIFORNIA: [illegible] **EF** of **mallards** [illegible] **EG** [illegible] **teals. EF** [illegible] **pintails** [illegible] **mallards** [illegible] **OVG** [illegible] **pintails.** San Joaquin, Sacramento and Imperial valleys report **PG** [illegible] **BW.**

NORTH DAKOTA: GF of **mallards** moving in from Canada, and **GG** can be found in northern [illegible] **EF** [illegible] **snows** [illegible] **blues. OG** [illegible]

NEBRASKA: GDW [illegible] **EF** [illegible] **OVG.**

TENNESSEE: SO Nov. 7 and **FF** of **honkers** [illegible] **BW** [illegible] **PG, FG** [illegible] managing a smile over woman who called to [illegible] boat for a blind and shoot ducks from the win[illegible]



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHIL BATH

SPORTING LOOK

MAKAHA PANTS

AT MALIBU and at San Onofre in southern California, the surf rolls in in the long, sweeping waves that are called *makahas* by the beachboys at Waikiki. Here, even in chilly November, the surfers are out, as avid as any member of Hawaii's Outrigger Club (*page 62*). This year the mainland surfers borrowed an idea from their island brethren: makaha pants. These brightly colored, knee-length or calf-length pants were designed to protect the surfer's legs from the sandpaperlike surface of Fiberglas surfboards. They have become such a hit with swimmers and sailors as well that American swimsuit manufacturers (Gantner and Catalina) will be selling them coast to coast by spring.



AT SAN ONOFRE, favorite surf beach, Sam Haskins shows calf-length blue surfing pants (Waltah Clarke, $7.95), John English calf-length red surfers (Kahala, $8.95) and Steen Gantzel of Pasadena knee-length yellow trunks (Service Center, Honolulu, $7.95).

AT NEWPORT HARBOR, aboard Dick Miller's PC sailboat *Windy*, Surfer Gantzel wears striped makahas of M. & W. Thomas cotton (Gantner, $7.95) and Ron Davis knee-length red surf pants with characteristic blue and white side stripes (Gantner, $5).



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'DUFFY will think of SOMETHING!'

So say assistants of Michigan State's *head coach and, on television, banquet* circuit and gridiron, Duffy always does

by GERALD HOLLAND

THE LAZY WATERS of the Red Cedar River that wind through the thickly wooded campus of Michigan State University at East Lansing sparkled in the light of a bright October moon. There wasn't a cloud in the sky to hide a single star. From the distance there came the sound of spirited band music and of thousands of young voices joyfully singing. It was an evening and a setting of sheer perfection, and Head Football Coach Duffy Daugherty, driving around and around the campus looking for a place to park, was sitting on top of the world.

Things could scarcely have been better for Duffy. The reigning Coach of the Year, the mastermind of the most complex multiple-offense apparatus in college football, Duffy appeared to be headed for another great season to round out a year that began with the Rose Bowl victory of last New Year's Day. Already this fall Michigan State had beaten Stanford and Michigan. Ahead lay easy victories over Indiana and Notre Dame and one week's tenure as No. 1 team of the nation.

Then there was to be Illinois and disaster. But Duffy could not know that this wondrous evening. And yet, as he drove along, speaking with characteristic candor, he was strangely prophetic.

"Once in a while," he said as he made and lost a race for a precious parking space, "an underdog will become inspired and upset a favorite. But most of the time the team that wins will be the team with the most good football players. There is no substitute for good football players. That's why we go out and recruit the best high school football players we can find. That's the real art of winning football games. There are no geniuses in coaching."

He suddenly pulled into a driveway behind a car already parked there. "The heck with it," he said. "I'll leave the keys and they can move me if they want to get out."

Slamming the car door behind him, Duffy walked across the grass toward the band shell where several thousand students were attending a pep rally. He moved through the crowd without anyone noticing him until he came to the bandstand and stood at the side of it waiting, hatless, his hands thrust in his trouser pockets. He grinned as he watched the cheerleaders on the stage leap and dance to the band music and the singing of the Michigan State *Spartan Fight Song*. Six of his senior players saw him and moved over next to him. Duffy beamed at them and told them how he would introduce them. "You say a few words, John," he said to John Matsko, the team captain. "You other fellows can just take a bow." Just as the *Fight Song* was concluded, the student master of ceremonies spotted Duffy and shouted into the microphone:

"And here's the man we've been waiting for—Coach Duffy Daugherty!"



IN ONE OF HIS MORE SERIOUS MOMENTS COACH DUFFY DAUGHERTY



DISCUSSES A PROBLEM OF MICHIGAN STATE'S COMPLEX MULTIPLE OFFENSE WITH PAT WILSON, A QUARTERBACK

Duffy hurried up the steps and across the stage, shook hands with the master of ceremonies and then turned to the crowd, squinting into the lights, raising a hand hesitantly in acknowledgment of the cheers, looking offstage modestly, then turning another way to wink at his players.

(As he stood there in the bright lights, not very tall, not very short, maybe a little beefier than he would like, Hugh Duffy Daugherty, age 41, had come a long way from Barnesboro, Pennsylvania where he was raised. Because his father had failed in business and refused to go through bankruptcy as a way out, Duffy had gone to work in a shirt factory at 16, in a coal mine at 18. But he had played football all the while, and when things were better with his father he was able to take advantage of an academic and athletic scholarship to Syracuse University, and so he may be thinking of himself when he says, as he does so often, that a lot of worthy kids wouldn't get a college education if it weren't for the recruiting he proudly defends. It was at Syracuse that Duffy won the friendship of an assistant coach named Clarence (Biggie) Munn, now athletic director of Michigan State and the man who picked Duffy for the job of head coach. Now, in his third season, Duffy was being hailed as a new breed of coach who could win and still maintain his sense of proportion and good humor in an overly serious, ulcer-prone profession.)

continued on next page

DUFFY DAUGHERTY

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Up on the stage a grin brightened Duffy's map-of-Ireland face (he is as much Scotch as Irish) as he ran his fingers through his curly hair, and he let the cheers roar on. Finally he held up his hand.

"Well," said Duffy, "I hope we have another nice sunshiny day tomorrow." He waited a few seconds and added, "Like last Saturday."

The students laughed and cheered. It had, of course, rained cats and dogs at Ann Arbor while Michigan State was beating Michigan 9-0 the previous Saturday.

"Oh, yes," said Duffy, feigning mild surprise, "somebody did tell me it sprinkled a little. I guess I didn't notice."

A student in the band banged the big drum.

"Well," said Duffy, "It will certainly be wonderful to play on our home field for the first time this year. We're kind of a road team this year and of course the boys got a kick out of going to California, but they were saying this afternoon there's no thrill like playing before your own crowd, your own fellow students. They were saying today that there's no spirit like the Spartan spirit and they'll certainly be giving everything out there tomorrow."

Duffy went on, paying tribute to Indiana and citing a few statistics to prove that the Hoosiers were better than the scores would indicate. Then one by one he introduced the six seniors, winding up with Captain Matsko, who said a few words.

As Duffy made his way back to his car, shaking hands along the way, he said out of the corner of his mouth: "Wasn't Matsko wonderful the way he racked up? He couldn't have done that a couple of years ago. It's great to see a boy acquire the confidence that comes with success."

Duffy had a few other engagements this evening. He made a speech at the dinner for the press and visiting coaches and ad-libbed his regular 15-minute radio program, which is sponsored by a Lansing automobile dealer. For the radio show he also has two weekly sponsored television programs), he enlisted the help of Indiana Coach Bernie Crimmins and Keith Molesworth, executive vice-president of the Baltimore Colts, who was in town scouting potential professional talent.

After interviewing Crimmins and Molesworth, Duffy had a little time on the air to fill and so he said to Crimmins:

"Bernie, I understand my sponsors placed a new car at your disposal while you're in town. How do you like it?"

"Duffy," said Bernie Crimmins, snapping at the cue, "it's a beauty. In fact, I've just about decided that I'll get one like it when I get home."

"That's fine," said Duffy, "I drive one myself and I think they're great." He grinned at Crimmins and went on: "Say, Bernie, I didn't intend this to be a commercial. The announcer does that. I was just curious, that's all."

"Sure, Duff," said Crimmins, winking an eye.

Duffy wasn't through for the night. An hour or so later he was up on another stage in a ballroom of the Hotel Olds in Lansing, looking out through a pall of smoke at a gathering of Michigan State alumni. Duffy seized the opportunity to pay tribute to his coaching staff—to Bob Devaney, Lou Agase, Burt Smith, Bill Yeoman, Sonny Grandelius, Doug Weaver and John Polonchek.

"They do all the work," said Duffy. "I just kind of walk around."

Next day the weather was bright and sunny, a little warm for football players but perfect for spectators. A record crowd of 58,858 filled Macklin Stadium and the turf was just right to bring out the best in the marching bands. It was Homecoming Day for Michigan State and, for the edification of the old grads, Duffy used 50 players to roll up a 53-6 victory over his good friend Bernie Crimmins.



DUFFY'S OFFICE—Here he briefly every day during the season. Here he meets with Assistants Devaney, Smith and Grandelius.

Afterward in the locker room Duffy sat on a trunk and munched the apple that is a postgame tradition with him.

"Gee," he said, "I don't like to see the score go that high. But there was nothing I could do about it."

Confirming Duffy's helplessness, Bob Popp, a fifth-string quarterback who had sent Blanche Martin over with a touchdown late in the game, made a great tackle and intercepted a pass, called out from a little distance away.

"Hey, Coach! I guess you know who your quarterback is now!"

Duffy threw back his head.

"I guess I'll have plenty of time to rest up," yelled Popp, "before the Kansas State game, Coach!"

Duffy laughed again. Kansas State is the last opponent on the Michigan State schedule.

Duffy had nothing to do over the weekend but make a speech at an alumni dinner, entertain some visiting relatives, ad-lib a half-hour television program over Station WJIM-TV in Lansing, hold a couple of staff meetings and examine minutely the motion pictures of the Indiana game.

He appeared to be thoroughly refreshed by all this when he showed up for a football writers' luncheon at Kellogg Center, the student-staffed hotel on the campus, at noon Monday. In a spirited discussion with Edgar Hayes, sports editor of the Detroit *Times*, he defended recruitings and expressed strong opposition to the idea—which Hayes liked—of making a high school athlete sign a "letter of intent" once he has chosen his college. "A boy should have the right to make up his mind without pressure from anybody," said Duffy. As for his brand of recruiting, he said, "all we do is bring a boy down here to look things over. We don't try to *sell* a boy. If he likes the school and needs help, then we sit down with him and try to figure things out." The solution is usually a books-room-tuition proposition with some kind of on-campus work thrown in. The same kind of deal, Duffy said, that is given to some members of the marching band. Edgar Hayes remained unconvinced, but Duffy's good humor was restored as usual before the waiters brought on the dessert. He loves to needle sportswriters gently by speaking in the clichés of the sports pages. When somebody raised the question of what constituted a "traditional rival," Duffy said with a straight face:

"Well, I think the rivalry of Michigan and Michigan State bids fair to develop into a competition that will one day capture the imagination of football fandom."

Duffy was in high spirits that afternoon when the squad reported for practice. There had been no serious injuries in the Indiana game. Clarence Peaks, an apparent cinch for All-America halfback, was at top form. Pat Burke, the guard, hadn't hurt his leg at all but merely suffered a charley horse. It even appeared that Dave Kaiser might be ready to see action against Notre Dame—if his replacement, Jim Hinesly, would let him. And Walt Kowalczyk, as Duffy put it, was "limping much better."

Just as he had told the alumni, all Duffy seemed to do was walk around from group to group, watching Burt Smith work with the offensive linemen, Sonny Grandelius with the backs, and Bob Devaney and Lou Agase and Bill Yeoman at their respective chores. Now and then Duffy would make some comments. Once, watching his first-stringers run a play, he called out with a trace of irritation that the backs were executing such and such a play all wrong. The quarterback replied softly that it wasn't to be such and such. He had called so and so.

Looking crestfallen for an instant, Duffy recovered almost at once. "Can't you take a joke?" he said.

He went on down the field and watched another team working against the freshmen. He listened in the huddle. "Here's a play," he sang out, "that will go all the way!"

It was a pass play, and a freshman promptly intercepted it and ran it all the way toward the goal line.

"What did I tell you," cried Duffy. "It went all the way, didn't it? You'll notice I didn't say which way."

Duffy was giving his customary deceptive performance. Seemingly indifferent, he was not missing a stroke, and he would be able, with his phenomenal memory, to re-create the entire practice session in the staff and squad meetings later on. Meanwhile, he was practicing the gospel he preaches: football should be fun. "Have some fun out there," he tells his players in the last squad meeting before every game.



DUFFY'S FAMILY mid- practice session after they came to see father. Above, Dree, 3, Frances Daugherty and Danny, 9.

Duffy wants, always, to send a team on the field that is eager to play, that cannot wait another minute to play a game of football. To this end, he never scrimmages his regulars after the season opens. He wants them to come up to Saturday afternoon hungry for combat.

Duffy's seven assistants are given complete authority in their specialties and, something rarer, freedom of speech. "Duffy," said one of them, "claims there are no geniuses in coaching. I don't know, but sometimes he almost acts like one. There'll be a problem, for instance. All of us will know all the elements of the problem, have all the facts necessary for a solution. But we'll sit there baffled until Duffy comes along, looks at the facts and sees the way out that we couldn't see. That's why, whenever things look bad, we always say, 'Duffy will think of something.' "

"I'll tell you something," said another assistant. "Before a game I get sick to my stomach. And Duffy? He can take a nap. But he's not perfect. He's the world's worst loser at gin rummy."

(Sometimes Duffy's relaxed attitude is the despair of his staff. Nothing is top secret with him. Before the last Rose Bowl game several thousand spectators showed up in time for what would normally be a secret practice session. Duffy not only welcomed them but carefully *explained* some of Michigan State's best plays. "Why not?" he said. "Nobody knows *when* we will run them.")

DUFFY looked across the field and saw his wife, Frances, walking with their two children, Danny, 9, and Dree, 3. Mrs. Daugherty explained that she brings the children to practice so they can see something of their father during the football season. Duffy roughhoused with Danny and mussed Dree's blond hair. Somebody recalled the time, during a preseason scrimmage session, when Duffy was urging his warriors on to bruising, bloodletting combat. The family arrived and Duffy walked away from the carnage to take Dree's hand in his and then suddenly cry out in horror: "Francie! Dree has a *splinter!*"

Without ever appearing to have anything particular to do, Duffy was on the go all week. One evening he made a trip to Detroit to address the Michigan State Alumni Club there. One evening he enlisted the help of three of his players to do another of his television programs. He spent some part of every day in his office. One afternoon he found time to get a haircut.

One evening Duffy went on a hayride. It had long been planned by the wives of the assistant coaches and its base was the Rowe Ranch outside Lansing. Duffy was delighted to go, and so were Biggie Munn and Mrs. Munn. With friends of the coaches, there was a party of about 50 to fill the two wagons. There was a jolting ride over the back country roads, with Duffy joining in the singing of every barbershop ballad Doug Weaver, the freshman coach, could think of to lead with his harmonica. Biggie Munn did a hillbilly solo and then cried, "How about *Oh, Susanna, Susan?*" Everybody knew that one, and then Doug Weaver did the recitative part of *On Top of Old Smoky.*

When the hay wagons got back to the ranch, there was a jukebox barn dance with the emphasis on jitterbugging. Duffy sat on a box and sipped a can of beer and laughed at the antics of Forddy Anderson, the basketball coach, who had found an old cap which he pulled down over his ears for a jitterbug solo. Then he passed the cap to Doug Weaver who also did a solo. Automatically an impromptu routine was born, and some of the coaches and their wives ran outside to escape it. But when the cap was passed to

continued on next page

DUFFY DAUGHERTY

continued from page 27

Duffy he got up and did a dance of his own invention. Everybody laughed and clapped hands until the music finished, and then a voice cried out, "You'd think we were playing the Little Sisters of the Poor on Saturday."

Duffy wasn't forgetting that Saturday's opponent was Notre Dame, but somehow or other he couldn't stay serious for long about the Irish.

"You fellows have got to remember," he said solemnly at practice the day after the hay ride, "that you can never take Notre Dame for granted. One of these Saturdays they're going to be one of the best teams in the country, and I just hope it's not this Saturday. You've got to remember that you won't only be playing Hornung and Lewis, you'll be playing Rockne and George Gipp and the Four Horsemen."

He turned to Clarence Peaks and said, "Clarence, what would you do if Rockne tackled you Saturday?"

"I believe, Coach," said Peaks, "that I'd just leave the stadium."

Duffy ducked his head and walked away. Fred Stabley, the publicity director, and Nick Vista, his assistant, walked up to him and Stabley said, "Coach, the papers are rating us 14 to 21 points better than Notre Dame. Does that bother you?"

"No," said Duffy. "I don't mind being the favorite. The favorite wins most of the time."

On Wednesday, Duffy made a talk before the Downtown Coaches, an organization of Lansing businessmen. On Thursday he taped his radio show that would be broadcast while he was in South Bend. Friday he held a 20-minute practice session and called a squad meeting for that night.

At the squad meeting the films of the Notre Dame-Purdue game were shown, and the assistant coaches called out their comments and reran key plays. When the showing was over, Duffy walked up and sat on a table with his feet dangling.

"It's clean," he said quietly, "doesn't need any pep talk. You're good and you're going to win. One thing I want to mention—don't forget that Notre Dame cheering section. When you're in scoring position they'll set up that chant and you may not be able to hear the signals. If that happens, you ask the referee for an official time out until you can hear the signals clearly."

Then he told a story about a small-town preacher who had just finished his sermon when a very inebriated man jumped up and yelled, "Parson, that was a damn fine talk." The parson rebuked the man. "None of that strong language, brother." The man persisted, "That was a doozy, that was one hell of a sermon, Parson." The preacher raised his voice: "I will not tolerate that kind of language, brother, I'm warning you." The man whipped out a $100 bill and waved it. "Parson," he cried, "that was such a hell of a talk, I'm dropping this $100 bill in the collection basket." The preacher's eyes bulged as he exclaimed: "Hot damn!"

"That was Jim Hinesly's story," said Duffy, "and now try to get to bed early. Study a little but not too late. Good night."

Next day two chartered airliners carried Duffy and 38 players to Elkhart, Indiana, a town 15 miles from Notre Dame. Duffy was immediately deluged with speaking invitations, and he said he would accept as many as possible.

So, after having dinner with his players and sending them off to a movie, he showed up at the Notre Dame press dinner at the LaSalle Hotel in South Bend and chatted with Terry Brennan, telling him he had brought along the Irish shillelagh that has become a symbol of Notre Dame-Michigan State rivalry. It was presented to Duffy by the Homecoming Queen in 1954 as a good luck piece. When he lost that year to Notre Dame, he gave it to Brennan. Brennan returned it to East Lansing last year.

After a while, Duffy went upstairs to another banquet room and was introduced by Biggie Munn to the local members of the Michigan State alumni. Duffy delivered some of his best-tested material and then excused himself with the explanation that he was due at a Knights of Columbus smoker in another part of town.

There was a capacity crowd of about 2,000 Knights at the smoker in a high school auditorium.

On the stage, squinting into the footlights, Duffy began by paying tribute to Knute Rockne, the Notre Dame spirit, and Terry Brennan. Then he said, as he had been telling audiences all week, "I'd settle right now for a one-point victory." The Knights gave him a big hand.

Duffy shifted his feet and looked up at the ceiling rather wistfully.

"You know," he said, "when we're young, we all have our dreams, our ambitions. I remember when I was 18, back in my home town of Barnesboro, Pa., I went to work in a coal mine. One of the first things I did was strike up a wonderful friendship with a boy named Fred. Fred and I used to sit and talk while we were waiting for the motorman to bring back the empty cars. We'd talk about our dreams and our ambitions. I told Fred that *my* dream was to get a college education. I didn't know how I was ever going to do it or where or when, but that was what I wanted most of all in life. I asked Fred what he wanted. Fred didn't hesitate a minute. He said his ambition was to have



"There's nothing left for me to say except goodby."

a tailor-made suit, the best tailor-made suit in the whole town of Barnesboro. Fred talked through his nose, but he didn't say anything about having his adenoids out. What he wanted most of all was a tailor-made suit."

Duffy had his audience a little mystified, but in the palm of his hand. You could have heard a beer bottle drop.

"A couple of years ago," said Duffy, "I went back to Barnesboro. I got a wonderful welcome home. They put on a Duffy Daugherty night and gave me a dinner. But what I wanted to find out more than anything else was what had happened to Fred. I had realized my dream of going to college. But what about Fred—did he ever get his tailor-made suit?"

Duffy looked like he might be on the verge of tears.

"Yes," he said, "Fred *had* realized his dream. After years of backbreaking labor in the mines, he had saved up $300 and taken it to Adam Adamosky, the town tailor. 'Adam,' he said, 'I want you to make me the best tailor-made suit in town.' "

As Duffy told it, Adam advised Fred he couldn't have come in at a better time. He had the best bolt of cloth ever to be shipped into Cambria County. He would make Fred a tailor-made suit beyond his heart's desire.

There were fittings and more fittings, but at last the suit was ready. Fred put it on and swaggered down Main Street. At the corner of Main and Philadelphia, he ran into Miles Ranck, the editor of the Barnesboro *Star*. Ranck told Fred the suit looked fine, but there was one thing *wrong with it. The left sleeve was a little short.*

TALKING through his nose, Duffy impersonated Fred rushing back to Adam Adamosky. Adam explained that the short sleeve was a natural consequence of using such exquisite material. All Fred had to do was keep pulling at the sleeve with his hand as he walked along and in a week the suit would be the finest in western Pennsylvania.

Duffy became Fred swinging proudly along Main Street, tugging at his left sleeve. He meets other friends. They tell him the suit is fine except for the fact that one of the lapels sticks up.

Back to Adam Adamosky and a new prescription. Fred is merely to hold his chin on the lapel and in a week's time the suit will be the suit of his dreams.

Duffy is Fred swinging along Main Street, tugging at his sleeve, holding his chin on his lapel. More friends and more compliments—except for one small criticism. The trousers are too full in the seat.

Again Adam has the answer. In a moment Duffy is Fred on Main Street, swinging across the stage, tugging at his left sleeve, holding his chin on his lapel and clutching the seat of his pants. He passes two strangers.

"What's the matter with that poor fellow?" says one. "I don't know," says the other, "but that's certainly a nice looking suit."

Duffy waved shortly to the Knights and left them howling with laughter as he slipped out a side door where a car was waiting to take him back to Elkhart.

At noon the next day, the two big buses parked outside the Hotel Elkhart seemed to be loaded and ready to go. The 38 players had taken their seats and so had the newspapermen and Biggie Munn and Dean of Students Tom King. The squad cars and motorcycles of the Indiana state police escort had swung into line and waited for a signal from Business Manager Lyman Frimodig who stood with one foot on the step of the lead bus and slowly raised his arm for the gesture that would start the caravan rolling toward Notre Dame's stadium, 15 miles away. Suddenly,



"I last him on the 16th, Chief. I skied into the woods."

as his eyes swept the buses in a final check, Business Manager Frimodig dropped his arm and yelled: "Hold everything! Where's Duffy?"

Duffy was in the hotel lobby, down on his hands and knees, talking earnestly to a Bedlington terrier with the woebegone look of a shorn lamb. Duffy looked up at the girl who held the dog's leash.

"What's his name?" he asked.

"Baa Baa," said the girl.

"Baa-Baa," said Duffy to the Bedlington, "I said, 'Give me your left paw.' That's your right paw."

The dog sadly lifted the left paw.

Frimodig hurried into the lobby.

"All set and ready to go, Duff," he said.

Duffy looked up at him.

"I used to be a dog trainer," he said. "Watch this."

He made a hoop with his arms.

"Jump!" he said.

The Bedlington offered his right paw.

"You see, Frim?" said Duffy, "the first requisite for a dog trainer is that he has to know more than the dog."

He patted the dog's head.

"And that," he said to the dog's owner, "is why I gave up dog training."

He picked up the symbolic Irish shillelagh from the floor, tucked it under his arm and sauntered out to the waiting buses. Frimodig waved to the police cars and they pulled away, sirens screaming.

The shillelagh was still tucked under Duffy's arm a couple of hours later as he stood with his bench to watch the kickoff. He wore a conservative business suit and a necktie. The Notre Dame stadium was filled to overflowing and Duffy's luck had even brought the sun out to dry a sodden field.

The Notre Dame crowd was in good voice and within minutes of the kickoff they had something to yell about.

Terry Brennan's sophomore line was hitting harder than anyone believed they could. Hornung was being Hornung and soon (it was reported later) he was telling his comrades in the huddle: "This team can be *bad*."

Duffy Daugherty, the man in the business suit, began to undergo a transformation. He pulled out a pair of sunglasses and put them on, the better to follow the play in the bright sunshine.

In a minute he turned and tossed his shillelagh to a player on the bench. With Bob Devaney, the ends coach,

continued on next page



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DUFFY DAUGHERTY

Continued from page 79

at his heels he moved with the play up and down the sidelines.

Hornung got in the clear and was stopped after a run. Duffy tore off the coat of his business suit and hurled it blindly toward the bench. He crouched with Devaney on the sidelines and suddenly jumped up and hurried to the telephone. He heard talked to Bill Yeoman and Sonny Grandelius high in the press box.

He fingered a half dozen substitutes and knelt with them, talking fast and watching the field at the same time. He jumped up and clawed his necktie away from his collar. He was up, he was down, he was here, he was there. He bore no resemblance to the storyteller of the night before. Now he was Duffy the tactician with a thousand stratagems racing through his mind like cards in a Univac machine.

For all of it, he was tied 7-7 at the half.

The Notre Dame crowd was going crazy. It looked like this might be the day everybody talked about, the day when they would win one for the Gipper and for Rock and for all the other shades of a great football tradition.

But, as one of his assistants confidently expected, Duffy thought of something. The Spartans came back in the second half to make it a runaway 47-14 victory. Just before the final whistle, Duffy called for his shillelagh, put on the coat of his business suit, straightened his tie and was ready at the end to walk out and meet his good friend, Terry Brennan, and walk off the field arm in arm with him.

Duffy stood against a concrete post in the dressing room a little later and faced a crowd of newspapermen. He munched the traditional apple.

"What did you do between halves, Duff," asked a reporter. "I'm not asking you to give away any secrets, but what did you do?"

Duffy took a bite of apple.

"We haven't got any secrets," he said. "We haven't got any magic formula. Between halves we made certain adjustments in our defenses, that's all. But the reason we won is because we've got more good football players than Terry has this year. As I keep saying, you got to have good football players to win. We go out and recruit the best players we can find."

He brushed the apple and somebody handed him another.

"We recruit the best players we can find," repeated Duffy with a sly grin. "And then we coach the hell out of them."

The reporters scribbled on their note paper.

"No," said Duffy. "Don't put it down that way. My mother doesn't like me to swear. Say we coach them very hard, or something like that."

"Sounds better," said a reporter, "the way you said it the first time, Duff."

Duffy looked at the apple and said grudgingly:

"O.K., but I hope my mother doesn't see it."

One week later the news of the Illinois upset victory over Michigan State could not be kept from anybody, not even from Duffy's mother. But she should know this:

In the dressing room after the game, somebody handed Duffy the usual apple and he ate it like a man. END



TIP FROM THE TOP



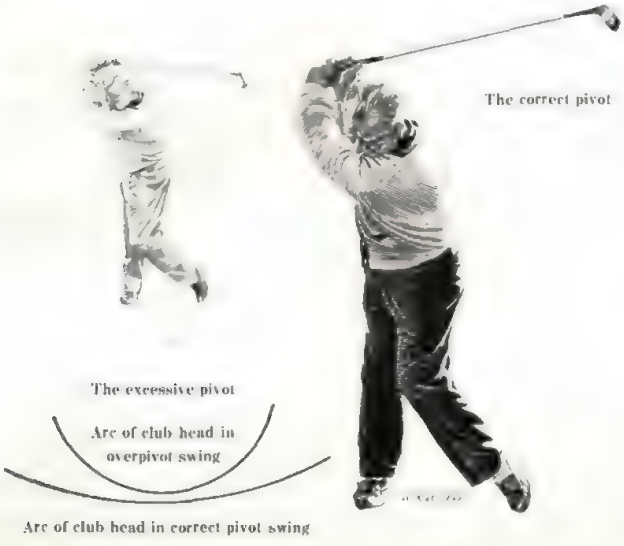
for golfers of all degrees of skill

from **JIMMY HINES**, *Thunderbird Country Club, Palm Springs, Calif.*

One of the worst faults in golf is not getting off your left foot on the backswing. An equally bad fault is getting too far off it. I find the best way to avoid either fault is to leave about 25% of your weight on the inside ball of your left foot on the backswing, with the left heel just slightly off the ground. By concentrating on leaving a quarter of your weight on your left side, you do two services to your swing: you insure that you get down solid on your left heel on the downswing; you insure that you don't take too much pivot.

Overpivoting is caused by the player's thinking that if he really turns his back on the ball on the backswing, he will "wheel into it" on the downswing. And this is exactly what he will do. He will twist so far away from the line of flight on the backswing that he will be obliged to twist equally far away from it on the downswing. An accurate hit becomes impossible.

As the diagram below illustrates, the player who overpivots and who pulls all of his weight off the left foot not only ends up by doing an off-balance toe dance but the path of his club describes an arc which has a distorted relationship to the true line of flight.



NEXT WEEK, CHARLES McKENNA ON THE BASIC PIVOT

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE HOT STOVE SEASON OFFICIALLY OPENS

HOT STOVE: BROOKLYN OPENS

Sirs:

Knowing SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will add lots of fuel to baseball's hot stove this season, I would like to start an early fire. It is going to be a mighty chilly winter for me, owing to the fact that I am a Brooklyn Dodger diehard. Here are my suggestions for some winter trades, hoping Walter O'Malley or Buzzy Bavasi reads this.

Hodges, Jackson and Furillo to the Cardinals in return for Moon and Boyer.

Campanella, Gilliam, Erskine and Cimoli in exchange for Lopata, Simmons and Ashburn of the Phillies.

Then send Lopata to Cincinnati for Smokey Burgess.

Finally, Ashburn, Snider and Lehman in return for Friend and Virdon of Pittsburgh.

Before Mr. O'Malley puts out my fire and the owners of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh attempt to lock me up for tampering let me explain that in each of these trades there is plenty of material for improvement to teams that have won just one pennant between them in the last 10 years.

To Walter O'Malley I say: I am as loyal and as proud of my club as is possible, even in as fanatic a town as Brooklyn is. The last 10 years of my "Dodger life" have been a period of extreme pleasure and happiness – and with a starting lineup of:

Bill Virdon, LF
Pee Wee Reese, SS
Wally Moon, RF
Ken Boyer, 3B
Jim Gentile, 1B
Don Demeter, CF
Smokey Burgess, C
Charlie Neal, 2B

And with Newcombe, Maglie, Friend, Simmons, Craig, Labine and Bessent as the pitching staff, I believe the next 10 years will be just as fruitful and happy.

BURTON SAPERSTEIN

Brooklyn

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED congratulates Mr. Saperstein for tossing out the first ember and hereby declares the Hot Stove League season officially open. From time to time during these melancholy days for fans like Mr. Saperstein and those below, who add more fuel to the season's first fire, we will keep the stove aglow with the burning yearnings of fans everywhere.—ED.

HOT STOVE: OWNER'S CHOICE

Sirs:

Within the past few months SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has used the word "genius" rather lightly, rather frequently and rather inaccurately in describing the manager of the New York Yankees, Mr. Casey Stengel. Mr. Stengel is a man of many talents, admitted, but he is not a genius as a baseball manager. Put it this way: if SPORTS ILLUSTRATED were to buy one of the major teams, would you offer the managerial position to Mr. Stengel?

Of course you would not. Mr. Stengel is the delight of baseball writers because reporting Stengelese verbatim fills the columns and is good for a laugh every time, and no writer has to sit down and think about what he really saw at the ball park. But Mr. Stengel the manager is a different sort of man altogether. It would not be fair to say that his success is due entirely to the great depth of his bench, the skill of his numerous pitchers, professional and otherwise, and the Yankee farm system. But anywhere except in the Yankee Stadium Mr. Stengel would be just another verbose old gent.

So I put it to you: if SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had to hire itself the best manager money could buy, say for the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sports (nee the White Sox), who would you choose?

GUY FELLER

New York

● We would ask Mr. Stengel to manage the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sports; if he were otherwise occupied we would ask Birdie Tebbetts.—ED.

HOT STOVE: HIGHLIGHT REVISITED

Sirs:

Well, well! What do we have here? A copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, June 11. Let's browse again through the baseball news in it, now that the season's over. Well, well, again! *American League? Phooey!* by James Murray. I'm still laughing at it. All the "puny" AL could hit was 1,075 HRs, a league record. And the Series! If that wasn't a major AL victory, I don't know what is. Of course, the NL won the All-Star Game, but wait till next year! Last is HIGHLIGHT, which says: "As for the World Champion Brooklyn Dodgers, they are old and tired and just a little desperate." Ahem!

MIKE PINCUS

Waynesburg, Pa.

● Old? You bet. Tired? Obviously. Desperate? Not enough.—ED.

HOT STOVE: HITTERS AND HOMERS

Sirs:

Belatedly, may I offer some comments about your World Series issue (SI, Oct. 1) which was easily the best printed, though some conclusions proved incorrect, which is understandable in a short Series.

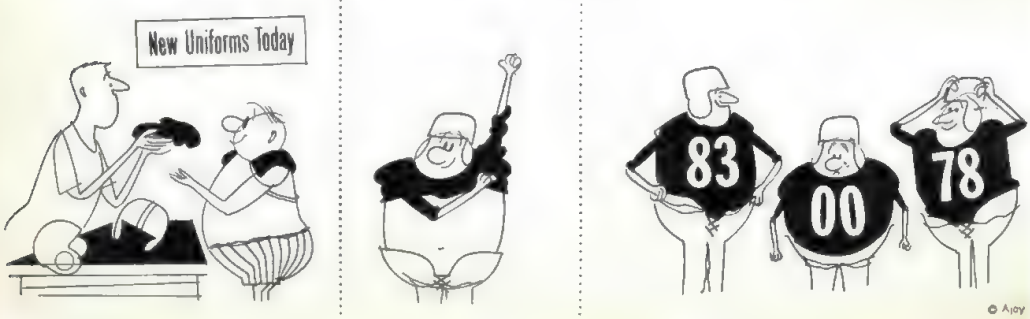
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's analysis of the contending teams' hitting power did not at the time jibe with official figures. Your writer rated Cincinnati, Milwaukee and New York in that order, while the official figures indicate that New York was the best in offense as the figures below show.

Team	Batting Average	Runs Scored	Deficiency
New York Yankees	**.270**	**857**	**...**
Cincinnati Redlegs	**.266**	**775**	**82**
Milwaukee Braves	**.259**	**709**	**148**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED placed too much emphasis on the Redlegs' 221 homers and not enough on the total runs scored, which of course is the thing that counts. There were four teams in the AL which scored more runs than the Redlegs, including the powerless White Sox with 93 less home runs.

This points up the trend in modern baseball of more homers but less total runs,

MR. CAPER — **by AJAY**



fewer .300 hitters and lower league and team averages. Walks have doubled since 1940 as compared with the period from 1920 to 1939, run scoring has dropped about 10% to 15% and the .300 hitter has dropped about 55% and league or team averages have dropped from about .280 to .260.

Finally it ought to be pointed out that the Redlegs play in a very cozy park made for home running.

Park construction and its effect upon home runs apply precisely to the Dodgers, whose right-hand hitters have hit only one home run per game in Yankee Stadium and two to right field, making only three in a grand total of 19 games. This means it quite plain that they have won only two out of 19 in World Series competition at Yankee Stadium, and lost five out of six championships.

LINCOLN W. UKAI

Milwaukee

HOT STOVE: ROOKIE X-RAY

Sirs:

While I have faith in the ability of Frank Robinson, the Cincinnati Reds' star rookie of the past season, I should like to question one of the feats credited to him in your final X-RAY (SI, Oct. 8). You have Robinson listed as having attained the highest batting average of any NL rookie during the 1956 season. What happened to Mr. Jackie Brandt? During the period between August 17 and September 12 he hit .333 with 19 hits in 147 AB's, and to close out the season he batted .411 during the last week.

LOUIS BROWN

Lewiston, Me.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED accepted the common practice of considering only those players eligible with 400 times at bat. Jackie Brandt came up only 393 times, Frank Robinson well over, with 572 times. ED.

HOT STOVE: GEOGRAPHY LESSON

Sirs:

A serious argument has arisen in my rabidly baseball-minded family. You are the closest one, and we await your word as final authority.

A friend showed my son, David, a newspaper clipping of ancient vintage which stated the preposterous proposition that the great Jim Thorpe had once hit three home runs in one game in Texarkana, each ball landing in a different state. The first one in Oklahoma, the second in Arkansas and the third, an inside-the-park homer, would travel in Texas.

I set up loud howls of protest, rushed for the atlas, Rand McNally state road maps and an old map dated 1870 to prove that the boundary lines had not been changed. I was coldly informed by my sons that I was not Myrt Power. That woman has ruined my life! The storm has raged and been augmented by outsiders. It was finally agreed that you knew enough about baseball to be considered a suitable authority. That is a great honor in a family who has spotted numerous errors in the *Official Encyclopedia of Baseball* and inked in the proper corrections. Lest this prove too much for your ego, let me remind you that you are not Myrt Power, either.

My calculations regarding the three-state homers are as follows: a ball hit in Texarkana would have to travel a goodly distance to reach Arkansas. Maple and Williams would turn green, but to reach the nearest point in Oklahoma it would have to travel a distance of approximately 30 miles, as the crow flies, or the baseball flies. If the article were mistaken as to the state, it would have to be in Louisiana. If the great feat occurred in any of the other states near by, namely Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma, the closest would be New Boston, Texas. The ball would then have been thrown only eight miles to reach Arkansas, but 15 miles to land on Oklahoma soil. If this game took place in DeKalb, Texas, the distance into each of the other states would be 11 miles. If the ball were hit in Foreman, Ark. instead of Texarkana, as the article stated, the distance would be seven miles to each of the other states.

I shall haunt the mailbox until the word arrives. After that, I hope to gallop around the countryside fleeing hot from various misguided people. Even if I am not Myrt Power.

BERNICE E. GOAD

Orlando, Fla.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is aware that it is no Myrtle Power either, but after some deep thinking in its own isolation booth advises Mrs. Goad to start galloping.—ED.

NASHUA AND THE DANCER

Sirs:

Now that Nashua is through racing (SI, Oct. 22), I can still justly say that he did not prove to me to be in the same class as Native Dancer. Performance is the only thing that can prove greatness, and Nashua did not touch the Dancer in any way in performance. The Dancer was a much better 2-year-old, losing none in nine starts, while Nashua lost twice. As a 3-year-old, he lost only once by a mere head, while Nashua lost twice, once finishing third. Dancer did not have as rugged a campaign as a 4-year-old as did Nashua because cartilage knocked him out, but that year he carried 130 and 137 pounds in two of his most magnificent performances. The two times that Nashua carried 130 pounds he finished out of the money. I doubt if he could have gotten very far with 137; not too many horses can.

I wish that every racing fan would get the two horses' performances together. Then I believe you will agree that the million plus Nashua earned cannot overshadow the magnificent gray horse.

JOLENE BOYD

Corpus Christi, Texas

● Miss Boyd's statistics are irrefutable, but nothing is gained by comparing two great horses of different periods. Both Nashua and Native Dancer were determined campaigners, both ran well over varying distances and at different weights, both were named Horse of the Year—and both lost the Derby. Unable to turn back the clock and arrange a race between Native Dancer and Nashua, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED regretfully leaves the discussion to rainy afternoon habitués of stable and clubhouse.—ED.











PAT ON THE BACK

THE MAJORS FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Majors' six children (top: John, Joe, Bill; bottom: Shirley Ann, Bobby, Larry) are all involved in football. John, 22, a tailback at the University of Tennessee, is an All-America prospect; Joe, 20, a freshman quarterback at Florida State; and Bill, 18, and Larry, 15, are high school tailbacks. Mr. Majors has a 34-game winning streak going at Huntland (Tenn.) High School where he coaches football and where Shirley Ann, 16, is a cheerleader and Bobby, 7, mascot.

CASUAL CHAMPS

The winners of the National 20-Goal Polo Tournament at Milwaukee accept their trophy from Mrs. Robert Uihlein Jr. while her husband looks on. The victors, whose polo handicap is limited to a total of 20, are Stanley Taylor, captain from Brandywine, Pa., with a six-goal rating; Billy Mayer, a seven-goal-rated competitor from Chicago; Ray Harrington, seven-goal player from Kennett Square, Pa., and Jim Kraml Jr., a student at the University of Illinois who holds no polo handicap.



(continued from front flap)

The following is a list of new SI advertisers. It includes only those who are making their first appearance in the 4th quarter of this year.

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Dow Chemical Co. - Anti-Freeze
E-Z Mills Inc.
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Chas. F. Orvis Co.
Plymouth Shoe Company
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Regent Cigarettes
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Sawyer's Inc.
Schenley -
CVA Co. Cresta Blanca
Name Brands - OFC
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Spee Dry Products
Stetson Shoe Co. Inc.
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Swank Inc.
Swiss Nat'l Travel Office
Talon, Inc.
Vick Chemical Co. -
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Tourist Office
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Drambuie

Regional:

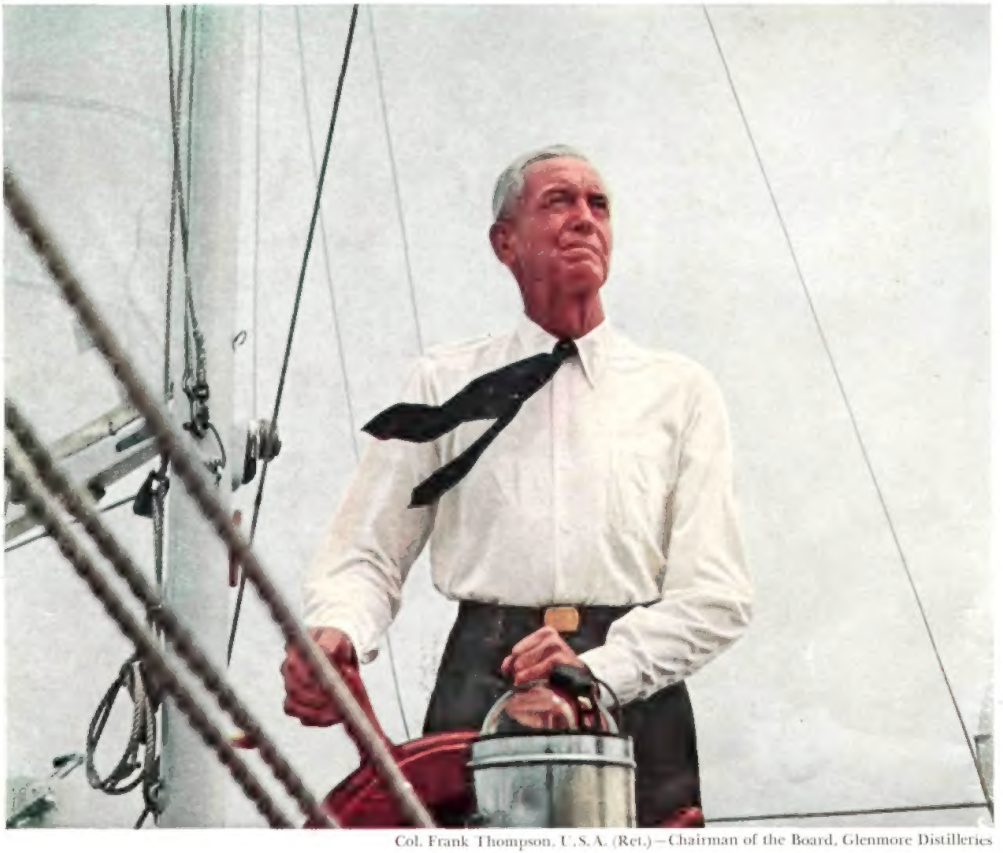
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Jules Andre
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Capital Airlines
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Carrington Whiskey
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Barnes Advertising Ad Agency
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Allcock Mfg. Co. - Havahart
Alpine Imports
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Baseball Pictorial
Boyd Store for Men
Bremner-Davis - Phonics
Comstock Corp.
Flagg Dolls
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Albert Jackson
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